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THE FRONT PAGE

IN his speech at Niagara Falls, Sir Wilfrid Laurier made something of a hit by relating the smart retort of Charles II. when his brother James warned him to take precautions against assassination. "Nobody in this realm," said Charles, "would remove me to make you king." The story was given this application, that Canada would not defeat Sir Wilfrid to make Mr. Borden Premier.

But the parallel is capable of closer application, and I am wondering if Sir Wilfrid was not aware of it at the time, for he remarked casually that he, like Charles, had no children. Has Sir Wilfrid, then, no political heir?

In this country each successful political leader rides his party to the death. There is some dispute as to whether Sir John Macdonald ever uttered the famous exclamation: "After me the deluge," but it is beyond dispute that after his passing the deluge came upon his party. In Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat held office for a generation, and on his withdrawal, the deluge, although stayed off for a time by one means and another, engulfed his party. Sir John secured a lease of power for his party at Ottawa for eighteen years, at the end of which time it was left so exhausted that it could scarcely lift a hand to defend itself in 1896. The same utter wreck overtook the party that Sir Oliver Mowat had led in Ontario. If Sir Wilfrid wins again next month, as, no doubt, he will with a reduced majority, his party will have secured a lease of office for seventeen years—1896 to 1913. In Ontario there is no telling how long Sir James Whitney will retain power—no doubt for life.

It is not well that the people of Canada should continue these life-Premierships. This is not the party system at all. It is not the party system as it is explained and defended by those who consider it the best possible system for a democracy. Indeed, it is difficult to give a name to the system we follow. With us, if a man can battle to the top, nothing can dislodge him. He rules for life; his party dies with him. Every virtue and last resource of a party is spent in keeping its leader in power, and when he goes there is nothing left. I do not believe that Mr. Borden ever entertained the idea, from the first moment of his entry on the Conservative leadership, that he could possibly reach office until Sir Wilfrid Laurier had run his course. Nor would it be strange if he harbors the expectation that when he does finally reach office—say five years hence—he may count upon ruling the country for the balance of his days. But the present, at least, should be the last of these life-Premierships.

FEW among us resent the methods by which Premiers retain power, although, within my recollection, these have never been at any time honest, honorable or respectable.

Just now a positive joke of a canal is being built with public money up near Newmarket. Years ago the Conservatives spent public money on a similar enterprise at Porth, known as "John Haggert's ditch." What it was for, except to float that gentleman to Parliament, nobody could find out. New post offices, docks, the deepening of harbors, all kinds of pre-election squanderings have characterized our politics, and the people, so far from resenting it, take it as a matter of course.

A week ago Hon. Rodolph Lemieux, speaking at the opening meeting of the campaign in this province, stood up, not as one of the leaders of the Liberal party, but as Postmaster-General of Canada, and announced that a system of free rural mail delivery would be introduced. The Postmaster-General of Canada announced this as "the bounty of the Liberal Government to the farmers." Nobody took offence. Nobody appeared to see anything improper or anything indelicate in springing this favor on rural electors a month before polling day. This improved mail service is granted in the nick of time so that it will influence votes—it is praised by its promoter as something that should influence votes, and how are we to know but that the sole consideration was an urgent need for votes? The cost will come out of the public treasury, although the votes will go to strengthen the party in office.

We are told this week that Superintendent Ross of the Toronto post office has been sent to the county of Wentworth to establish forthwith the first of these free rural mail deliveries, and that others will be started at various points as rapidly as possible. We are asked to admire the swift and business-like way in which this boon to the people in rural sections is being pushed along. But why is it being pushed so feverishly just now? Why was it not begun last year or held over until next? Mr. Lemieux is in the midst of a campaign which occupies him night and day. Is he not afraid that this vastly important, this revolutionary change in the postal service will get bungled if gone on with by permanent officials, while he is far afield in politics? Is he not afraid that the day after the elections, when he gets time to look into matters, he may have to call a halt and undo what was done in haste and excitement, without his guiding hand? Why begin rural free mail delivery in Wentworth? In what other counties, or constituencies, will it be introduced? Can it be refused in any close constituency in the midst of a campaign even if sound postal considerations would not warrant its introduction there?

It is part of the game. In this way the game has been played since I first looked on. The people are bribed with their own money, and once a man reaches the Premiership those who would oust him have got to defeat not only the man and his supporters, but the national treasury and all the resources of all the departments of Government. This is not only the condition of the moment; it is what we have been accustomed to, and many people never stop to question the propriety of such methods. Yet as a people we should in time reach the conclusion that a country should be governed well continuously. A self-respecting country should not have its good-will bought with boons announced a week or a fortnight before election, and put into operation in mad haste in order to bamboozle electors on their way to the polls.

IN this country a political leader in seeking the Premiership makes all kind of promises to the country—he declares his policy on all the questions that interest the people. But once he gets securely seated in office he begins to regard his success as a personal triumph, and neither the victory of certain principles nor of a political party whose members reside on every street and side-line throughout the state. The idea that his success is personal and his right to rule, individual, grows on him; what is more to be regretted is that his view finds popular acceptance. The principles he advocated may be ignored at will. People seem indifferent although they know that the causes they were interested in are not being promoted by the men who were entrusted with their promotion. Instead of looking for the success of causes and principles, men are content with the success of a leader, and the success of a leader has come to mean little more than his ability to remain in power against all the assaults of his opponents. Men actually speak as if

sound the country. The country, like the "nigger" in the nursery rhyme, is caught by the toe, and "if it hollers" is let go. If there is not too much "hollering" it is all over with that toe. The country protects itself by its power of outcry.

The average age of the members of the Dominion Cabinet is several years greater than that of the members of the British Cabinet. There are three or four men in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet younger than the youngest belonging to that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. And yet ours is a young country in the government of which there is need for the optimism and initiative of youth. For an infant nation we are old-fogeying in altogether too many ways.

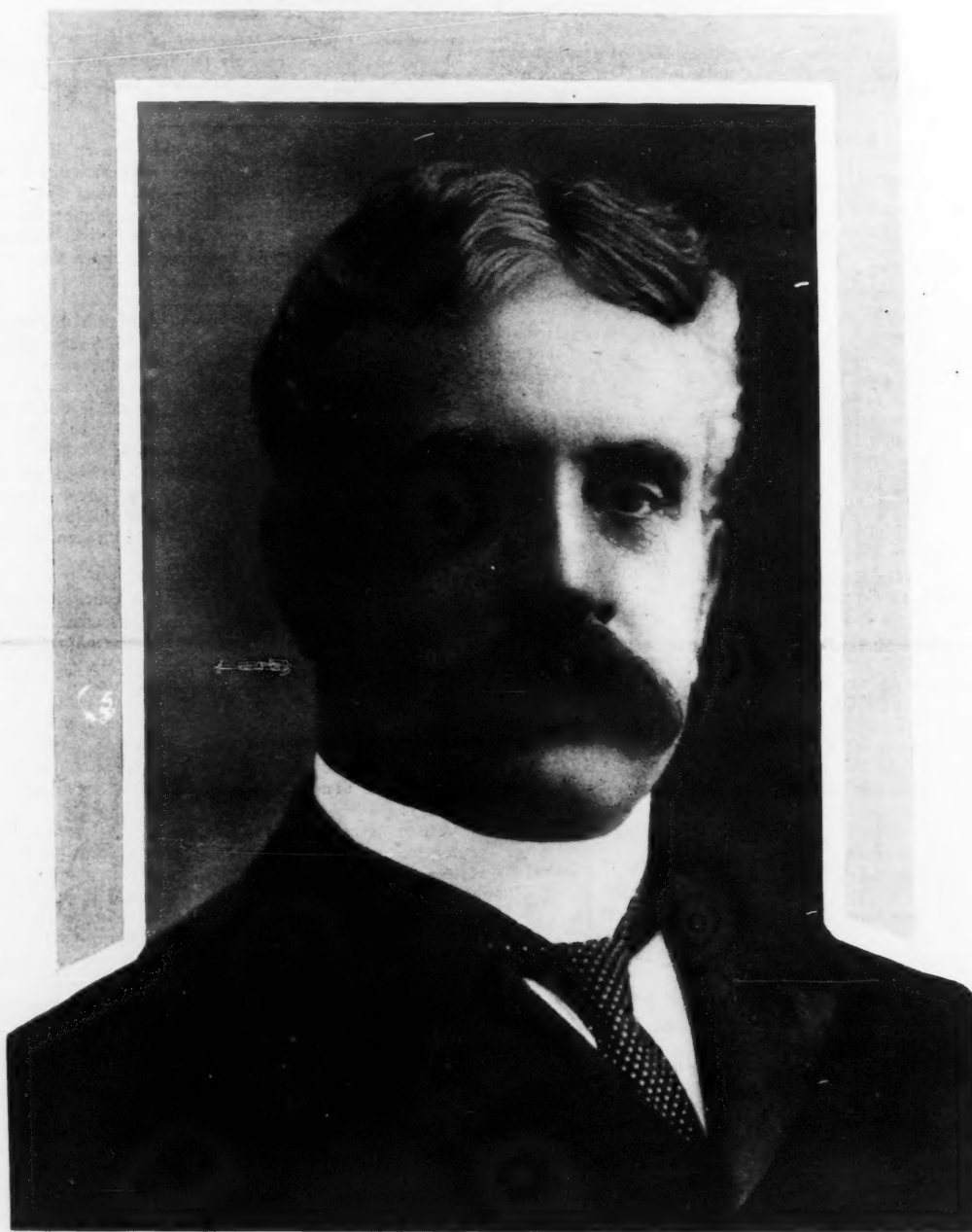
THE Lackawanna Railway Company has issued a pamphlet to all its employees urging upon them the value of politeness—telling them that the courteous employee will be in line for promotion while the surly one will be in line for dismissal. Conductors, agents and

IN an article discussing the stock of fake industrial concerns floated on the market, World's Work says that the two "favored classes" of people in the lists of possible investors are the clergy and maiden ladies. The statement is made that fraudulent promoters rely to a considerable extent for the success of their schemes on the part unwittingly played by the clergy. "There is hardly a fake industrial concern promoted in this country," the article proceeds, "that does not send out to a list of the clergy a set letter bought by the thousands from concerns that by long practice are experts in preparing such literature, setting forth the claims of that particular company to the consideration of investors 'of the conservative and necessarily careful class which you represent.'" The writer goes on to say that the clergy are extremely likely to buy in small quantities, while the pitiful fact appears that, through the honest, but misguided enthusiasm of preachers, the promoters reach hundreds of pockets they could not otherwise get at—the pockets of widows, orphans, and the helpless of both sexes, who turn to the clergyman for temporal, as well as spiritual guidance.

This is a question that needs some consideration, and clergymen should be on their guard. It may be but reasonable that they should assume that the promoter who deliberately lays his proposal before the clergy, must have an honest scheme—but they need to be warned that they cannot safely assume anything of the kind. In fact, it would be safer to assume the very opposite. The promoter of a fake industrial concern knows that it is much safer for him to send a smooth circular to a preacher than to a tavern-keeper—for the mental attitude of the former will be one of trust, while that of the latter will be one of suspicion. "Here," the latter will say, "is another skin game." The preacher, not wishing to think evil of anyone, will not form so harsh a judgment. "The man must be honest," he will say, "or he would not have addressed me, for he must know that I would not countenance anything dishonest." The promoter of a fake takes all this into account. He is aware that the preacher is usually underpaid, and will perhaps have nothing of his own to invest, but he knows, too, that the clergyman's word will go a long way with pious parishioners who have a few hundreds lying idle. The effrontery of the promoter too often succeeds.

A CLERGYMAN should shun the responsibility of acting as business adviser to persons in his congregation, for, as a rule, he is not competent. His life and his work unfit him to act as a counsellor in business. He has, as a rule, no qualifications but his honesty, and the sincerity of his desire to be useful. But he does not live in the world, and he does not know what is taking place around the corner. He is apt to think that a man must be all right if he can look him in the eye and tell a straight story—but every city is full of men who have trained their eyes to frankness, and their tongues to falsehood. The rascal who has learned to talk like a saint, can impose on a preacher more readily, perhaps, than on any other citizen. It is notorious, of course, that the vendors of patent medicines always make straight for the clergyman. If he can be persuaded that a certain cough remedy is a good thing, he will speak of it to his friends, and promote its sale almost as much as could the local physician. If he thinks a patent medicine has restored his health, it is not difficult for a practiced agent to persuade him that he owes it as a duty to mankind to allow his name to be used publicly in the press as a reference for the compound—which, so far as he knows, may contain dangerous drugs or alcohol in result-getting quantities. In fact, some of the medicines denounced by government analysts as most pernicious, are backed up by the longest lists of testimonials from eminent divines. It is not suggested that clergymen knowingly lend themselves to fraud. The point is that they are "too easy." They are unfit to cope with the expert manipulators who make a business of getting the good word of the clergy for schemes that are designed to rifle the pockets of the pious.

Now that this kind of thing is getting to be a thoroughly organized business, it is time for the clergy to draw back and give their endorsement to nothing except the Christian religion. When in that field they are unassailable.



MR. R. L. BORDEN

LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY IN CANADA, WHO IS AT PRESENT MAKING A POLITICAL TOUR OF ONTARIO.

the test of the fitness of an administration could be found in the questions: "Has it fallen into decay? Is it corrupt? Is it guilty of scandalous acts?" People forget that no government should be corrupt, or guilty of scandalous acts. No administration, federal or provincial, should be allowed to live long enough to fall into a state of evil-smelling decay. The test of an administration should be its efficiency. Is it advancing the principles for which it stands? Is it governing the country according to the views of those who supported it? The victories of any political party are idle, if they merely mean a lengthened term in office for a few men.

THE candidature of Mr. W. L. M. King in North Waterloo excites a great deal of interest because it is understood that he is to enter the Laurier Ministry. He has resigned his various duties at Ottawa and a salary of \$5,000, to contest a constituency that has for long returned a Conservative to Parliament, and he has done this in a year when his party is expected to have up-hill fighting in Ontario. It will be seen, then, that Mr. King is game, and not afraid of the fighting chance. In everything he has undertaken Mr. King has been successful, for he possesses both courage and industry, and for reasons apart from politics altogether I hope he will be elected and, if his party wins, that he will take a seat in the Cabinet. The younger generation needs a little more representation in the Cabinet, now that Parliament counts for so little, and the Ministry for so much. Canada is governed by a Premier advised by a committee of his own selecting. Parliament is little more than a buffer between this committee and the country. It serves as a place in which to break the news to the country of what has been done or what is intended.

The administration of the day uses Parliament to

others are reminded that courtesy pays. It pays a man in the personal good-will he earns from those he deals with, it pays him in his relations with the company, and pays him in the greater satisfaction he gets out of his work.

In these columns advice similar to that contained in the pamphlet was volunteered to railway men a few months ago in a couple of articles. Those articles were occasioned by incidents that had come under my personal observation, where women travelling alone applied for information to uniformed men, and received surly and unsatisfactory replies. In two cases the incivility was flagrant. In one case an old lady, after vainly trying to open a window, stopped the conductor as he passed through the car and asked him to open it. "Leave the window alone," he snapped, and passed on. I mention this case in order to use it as an illustration, so that men dealing with the general public may see the point. This old lady happened to be the mother of a business man in Toronto who knew that conductor well, and whose good-will the conductor had always been at some pains to cultivate. He is a man on the closest terms with many leading officials of the company in whose employ the conductor was, and had the latter recognized the plainly dressed old lady he would have shown her every attention. The point to be remembered is that the ticket seller, or the conductor, or the clerk, very often does not know with whom he is dealing, and unless courteous to all, is bound sooner or later, to reap unpleasant consequences. It is easier, too, to be civil than uncivil. It uses up less nerve force. It calls for fewer words. It is simpler to answer a question than upbraid a questioner.

An even courtesy towards all sorts and conditions of people should be considered an absolute necessity on the part of railway, postal, municipal, government, street car, and other such employees.

THERE is to be an enquiry, it seems, before Judge Winchester, into the finances and management of the Canadian National Exhibition. The directors of the Fair have demanded it, and the Municipal Board of Control asks for it. The situation was produced in a singular way. The special auditors who had been looking into civic finances came out with a letter strongly urging that an investigation of Exhibition affairs be not held before Judge Winchester, because such an enquiry would damage the institution and poorly requite men who had long served it without remuneration. The advice contained in this letter may have been good, but it came from a wrong source. It did not sound well when auditors rushed into the street with such advice, and in a moment it became apparent that they had made an enquiry necessary. Dr. Orr, manager of the Fair, saw it in this way, and so wrote to President W. K. George and the directors, who at once passed their resolution, on which the Board of Control acted. An indiscreet act of friendship will often play the mischief with things. Somebody—who was it?—used to pray to be protected from his friends, saying that he could easily take care of his enemies.

The officers of the Exhibition are quite frank in expressing their displeasure with the proposed proceedings. They have nothing to conceal, they are quite willing to have everything examined, but as most of them have worked for years without remuneration to make the Exhibition the success it is to-day, they are not pleased with the idea of being called before a judge, so that all their actions may be searched into in order to see whether their hands are clean. Some of these gentlemen have spoken with considerable indignation, and say that men are not encouraged to serve the public, if at

intervals, they are to be dragged through such an ordeal as a judicial enquiry.

A number of men have done the city and the country a very high service in building up the Canadian National Exhibition to its present dimensions. It is not necessary to mention names in this article—for years a number of men have done a high public service in handling the Fair intelligently. To these men we owe much. But, quite recently, it was learned that a man who had been elected treasurer, after having been on the directorate for years, was short over twenty thousand dollars in his accounts. Of course this made talk, and when somebody suggested that Judge Winchester should look into affairs, recriminations began between aldermen and some of those connected with the Fair. It was said that some aldermen abused their pass privileges, one having in one day brought in no less than forty people with him. Passes of aldermen and one or two prominent newspaper men, being found in the hands of the wrong people, were taken up at the gates. Perhaps it was intended that this kind of talk should dampen the ardor of the City Council and the press for an enquiry, but it merely serves to convince the general public that a little bit of a shaking up will result in good.

Nor need men who have served the public well for years without remuneration be under fear that Judge Winchester will forget who they are, nor the terms on which they have been laboring. Those who have rendered disinterested service should have no reason to fear that they will be brow-beaten, or subjected to incivility in any enquiry that may take place. But should it appear that any person, who has been posing as a public-spirited citizen, gratuitously toiling for the general good, has been instead, serving his own interests with both hands, why that will be quite another matter. It is to be hoped that there is nothing of this kind to be revealed. I do not believe there is, of recent years, at any rate. There is something else to be hoped, as well. It may fairly be hoped that if an enquiry be held it will not be of the petty and offensively suspicious kind.

It has been hinted that aldermen would like to get control of the Exhibition as a purely civic venture. It will be found that public opinion will strongly favor the present form of management.

SPEAKING of the National Exhibition, and admitting the great success that has attended it this year, I wish to quote a few lines from a letter sent in by a reader. "Is there not," he asks, "too much sameness in the Exhibition from year to year?" To this the reply is, that there is less sameness than formerly. The management aims to avoid sameness, and admits the necessity of getting something new, but it is, perhaps, more of a task than any outsider would suppose. "Would it not be better," he asks, "if instead of showing the products of Ontario factories in certain lines year after year, to show some foreign or unfamiliar kinds, which would give both the manufacturers and the public in general, new ideas in these products?" He continues:

Why not exhibit French vehicles and Austrian furniture, or, instead of showing samples of mammoth vegetables year after year, why not have some expert German gardener to show our farmers how to do concentrated gardening? This expert could be brought out a few months before the fair opened and could get an exhibit of his concentrated gardening in full operation by the time the fair opened. I would suggest having one or two special features of this kind each year, and it would put new life and interest into our fair.

I think the time will come when the interest of the Ontario men will lag, if he is not shown something new. In carrying out this idea it would be necessary to lay special stress on the special features, and give large space to them on the grounds, cutting out some of the more familiar exhibits. The showmen are given now too much room. Ontario already has a tendency to be too self-satisfied and local—so why encourage this injurious tendency?

The National Exhibition must grow. It is in immediate need of enlarged grounds. Several new buildings are required. A new main entrance is necessary, and an eastern entrance for street cars, so that the enormous crowds may be handled without vexatious delays. The Fair must grow also in scope, and be inspired by larger ambitions than were dreamed of a dozen years ago, or three years ago or this year even. But those in charge of the Fair have had to cut according to their cloth, and of late years they have done it well. The man who knew the Fair six years ago would scarcely have known it this year until he had searched around for some familiar spot, and present plans call for the removal of these old familiar spots. Our correspondent, however, has touched upon the main idea, which is that the National Exhibition has outgrown some of the features that served their purpose well enough in their day.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask whether I agree with him in thinking that The Globe would not have published the advertisements of Thomas W. Lawson if George Brown had been still alive and in control of that journal. I do not know. An operator like Lawson was impossible in Brown's day, and, perhaps, an editor like Brown is impossible in Lawson's. It is not easy to say what the man of one generation would say or do in the altogether changed environment of the next. He might prove to be quite another person.

As a matter of fact it was probably not George Brown but his brother, Gordon Brown, who was the great editor, although George got all the credit, he being in public life and having a use to which reputation could be put. As one looks over old files of The Globe published in Brown's day, it seems strangely small, local and inconsequential according to present standards. It was in those days a great paper, but relatively. Its earnings were but a fraction of what they are now; its cost of production was trifling compared with the present outlay—yet in those days journalism was new, earnest and influential. With the flight of time men have come to idealize it as a newspaper, whereas it was only great as an influence. At that time it had little competition—now the publishing industry is a vast one.

Of course journalism has been commercialized since then. It is now a profitable business, where once it was a zealous, burning service. But even although journalism has been almost entirely commercialized, and although it requires a capital of half a million to found a daily jour-

nal in a city like Toronto, yet, I fully believe that it would be sound business for any daily paper in Toronto to peremptorily close its columns to such advertising as that of Thomas W. Lawson, and of all those who with mining, patent medicine and other propositions seek to use public journals in order to fleece people who read and would like to trust their favorite newspapers. To



UNIQUE BANDSTAND AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, LONDON. The ground on which the stand was erected was depressed, giving the musicians a position on a lower level than the auditors, for whom ample accommodation was provided. The arrangement is especially interesting as offering a suggestion to the authorities of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

put it on the lowest basis, it is capable of demonstration that it would pay a journal to be wholly trustworthy. —MACK.

Some Western Exaggeration.

CALGARY, ALTA., SEPT. 15, '08.

Editor Saturday Night:—In your issue of the 12th inst. you print a paragraph from The Calgary Albertan, which says that since the inauguration of this province, three years ago, "its population has doubled, its cultivated area has more than doubled, its larger cities have trebled in population." . . . "It is the best-behaved and most law-abiding province in the Dominion."

Let me say, that I am a subscriber to your creditable paper, and put credence in its statements, but I am surprised that it is so easily misled by The Albertan. Your discerning powers, I thought were greater than that. Let me give you something nearly correct: (1) The population of Calgary at inauguration was about exactly 10,200, to-day, it is 17,400, or a little less. Of Edmonton and Strathcona, the population was 10,500, and is now a little under 19,000. Lethbridge and Medicine Hat have grown similarly. Now, where does the trebling of the population of our larger cities come in?

(2) The area under cultivation in the province, according to Government statistics, has increased a little over 40 per cent., in spite of The Albertan's haphazard statement.

(3) The population of the province at inauguration, as nearly as can be ascertained, was about 160,000, to-day it is about 208,000 or less. Is it doubled?

I have no grudge against The Albertan. I am a subscriber to it; but I have lived here for five years and know facts. For the most part, statements of our western papers are far from reliable, when they deal with population, productions, immigration, frosts, etc. The Albertan never tells you that the cost of living has increased about 40 per cent. in the last three years.

We are doing nicely out here, but not so wonderfully well as our papers wish Easterners to believe. Let us respect the truth!

Yours truly,
WM. J. FRASER.

THE ARTISTIC PIRATES

YO HO! for the sail-swept Spanish Main,
Yo ho! for the pirates grim,
With the shark a gleam on the weather beam
And the crew a-studying him!

"Art is Art!" quoth Gory Tim,
(The gunner bold was he)
As he chewed the bight of a bowline wight
Aboard of the larboard lee.

"I sticks for Art!" says he again,
"But I likes it red an' gory!"
With a Frenchman's thumb (cut off, by gum!)
I've drawn me many a story!

"I've drawn my gun in action, too,
An' at point-work I'm a bristler!
I've splashed in red to the foretop's head,
An' painted decks like Whistler!"

Quoth Leary Jake the bosun's mate,
As he lowered the boarding-netting:
"I, too, likes art—but a carving part,
In a rich vermilion setting!"

"But ho! there's a sail on our starboard bow,"
Cried the Captain, "Lads, look hearty!
'Tis a man-o'-war, and furthermore,
She'll eat us, a la carty!"

And that she did—and they all were swung
From a yard-arm, most unwilling.
Quoth Jake to Tim, as they knotted him:
"Their line-work, mate is killing!"

A. HAROLD BROWN.

Toronto, Sept., '08.

WRITING in "Canada," its special representative, Mr. E. B. Osborne, who is now touring the Dominion, says of Toronto that "probably its population is better off, taking an average, than that of any other city in the world. When she becomes a millionaire in souls, there may be a different tale to tell." He found in Toronto an emotion of metropolitan camaraderie such as one feels in Paris, where to be polite to one's neighbor is the first social commandment. Only on great holidays is it felt in London, and it is non-existent in hurrying, scurrying New York, and in Berlin, where the ill-dressed, ill-mannered citizens glare at the stranger as the German professor of biology stares at a microbe. It used to exist in Boston, and indeed he found American visitors com-

paring Toronto with Boston. Mr. Osborne mentions a case: "At one of the great lacrosse matches (being played in Toronto, the game was much less ferocious than I had found it elsewhere), I happened to deplore my lack of matches to my companion, and a gentleman some way off promptly gave me a handful. This could not have happened in London, or New York, or Berlin, or even Boston. When it was time for the crowd to leave Hanlan's Point, through narrow exits, there was no rushing or crushing, or rough horse-play. Nowhere else in the world is a crowd so moved by common-sense and courtesy. The truth is, the hooliganism of London, or the "larrykinism" of Australia, is impossible in Toronto, where there is no such thing as a mob."

ONE person in every thirty-eight of the population of England and Wales is a pauper, according to the Government returns on the condition of pauperism on January 1, 1908. The number of casual paupers was then the highest on record, and the number of able-bodied men relieved at public expense, owing to the fact that they were out of work, and for other causes, showed an increase of 22 per cent., as compared with 1907. One noticeable feature of the report is that far more married couples without children have been relieved than married couples with children, the figures being 46,344 for the former and 17,488 for the latter.

SAID a physician not long ago: "If we would all learn how to breathe properly, to live in the fresh air day and night, bathe daily, and drink eight glasses of clear water every day, two before breakfast, two during the morning, two during the afternoon and two before going to bed, the doctors would be out of business. In those two things lie health; only they are so cheap, so easy to be had, that we do not place the right value on their wonderful properties."—Ladies' Home Journal.

ANOTHER point to the credit of this journal is that it was almost the only publication in Ontario that did not attempt to make a pun about the escape of Snow from the Central Prison.

IN a letter on this page to-day, Mr. Fraser of Calgary accuses the Daily Albertan of exaggeration, and says the population of that city is 17,500. Most Calgarians one meets place the population at a higher figure—somewhere between twenty and twenty-five thousand. In all the Western towns, however, one notes a tendency to over-estimate population.

IN twenty-four hours there were reported in St. Petersburg 417 cases of cholera and 176 deaths. There were at the same time 1,587 patients in the various hospitals. St. Petersburg, although a great city, has sanitary arrangements scarcely better than those of the middle ages.

HARRY WATSON, Huntsville, has been publicly decorated with the medal of the Royal Humane Society for his rescue in March last of the three young sons of Mr. Andrew Kellock, who had broken through the ice.

"ALL authorities on business, from a college professor right down to a bank president, agree," says a writer in The Saturday Evening Post, "that it's all a matter of confidence."

Artistic Bank-Notes.

THE Bank of France is about to issue a new series of thousand-franc notes, designed by the artist Francois Flamant, and also a series of one-hundred-franc notes by the artist Luc-Olivier Merson. Says Cosmos (Paris):

These notes are characterized by great richness of color, making them real pictures. They are in four colors. Hitherto blue has been chosen because it is photographed with difficulty, but photography has made such progress recently that counterfeiters are able to overcome this obstacle. . . . The color, whatever it may be, is now no obstacle to counterfeiting, but it is hoped to make it more difficult by the multiplication of colors. . . . The design of the note is first painted by the artist, then reduced by photography and turned over to the engraver. The paper is from pulp made in the presence of special commissioners who carry away with them the plates at the end of the work. . . . At the bank the notes are tested by means of an ingenious stereoscope on which two notes are placed. If both are genuine their images are superposed and appear as one. If, on the contrary, the two are not from the same plate, the images do not exactly coincide. . . . and the stereoscope will reveal these differences by an appearance of relief that is so clear as to admit of no doubt.

Humor as a Factor of Righteousness.

SYMPATHY, action, and humor, writes Mr. Alfred S. H. Lloyd in The International Journal of Ethics (Philadelphia), are three principal elements in that "real faith with which one should meet the brute facts of life." Anticipating some surprise over the claim that humor is a spiritual emotion and a positive factor in righteousness, Professor Lloyd goes on to explain that the humor of which he speaks is neither the humor of the "shallow optimist" nor that of "his equally shallow brother, the cynic." It is, rather, the humor which "gives relief in responsibility, not from it; cherishes frailty; feels the success of failure, and enjoys, not less honestly than keenly, the impartiality of nature." To quote further:

"Many will concede that this thing, humor, may ornament life; that it often affords relief and diversion; that it is not necessarily alien to serious living; but they may not be ready to regard it as belonging to the very substance, if I may so speak, of which faith and righteousness are made. And yet somehow life must laugh—deeply, quietly, reverently; and the more confident life is, the wider its sympathy and the more reverent its activity, the more surely and the more reverently it must laugh. Thus, not only do inactive philosophers call aloud for action and intellectually defy the will, but also such cause for humor confronts one at every turn. Is it less amusing that doctors very frequently fall seriously ill; that priests are themselves sinful creatures; or that babes have been known to speak wisely, while more than one sage has given utterance to unmitigated folly? Is it not, let me even say, one of the very deepest jests of human experience, at which, however tenderly, even the God must smile, that death is always associated with immortality? In fact, all the great truths of religion and morality are only so many paradoxes. In face of such truths, then, can righteousness survive without a saving sense of humor?"

WM. STITT & CO.

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ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 3 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE INVESTOR
TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, Sept. 24.
THE outlook is for cheaper money in Canada. Funds are accumulating fast, and the available resources of our banks are probably the largest on record. The increase in deposits in August were larger than for any previous month this year, while there was a further large contraction in loans. The amount of money in circulation is not as large as a year ago, this being due to the general dullness in trade and commerce. The profitable employment of money will be a matter of greater concern to bankers in the coming months than they have experienced in years. More judgment and discernment will be necessary on the part of lenders, and the shrewdest bankers will naturally make the biggest profits for their shareholders. A great deal of discrimination will of course be necessary, and it is hardly to be expected that banking profits will be as large as these institutions have been making of late years. The deposits in Canadian banks at home are within \$2,600,000 of those of a year ago, and if we include the deposit held by the agencies of our banks outside the country, the amount now runs up to \$656,082,000. This total exceeds the deposits of a year ago by \$14,200,000, and as compared with two years ago, the increase is about \$50,000,000. This discount line in Canada amounts to \$517,985,000, which is \$62,000,000 less than on the 31 of August last year, but \$10,000,000 more than domestic discounts in 1906. Including all classes of loans and discounts both in Canada and elsewhere, the aggregate was \$643,989,000 at the end of August. This shows a reduction of \$71,000,000 as compared with a year ago, and a decrease of \$21,000,000 as compared with August 31, 1906. The tendency, it will be noted, is towards contraction or a general liquidation in business. The overdue debts of the banks have greatly increased, the amount of paper now due being \$8,662,000 as compared with \$3,466,000 a year ago, and \$1,719,000 two years ago. This great disparity is to a great extent due to the suspension of the Ontario and Sovereign banks. The figures we have given would indicate there is no real need of more banks, or increased banking capital in the near future at least. The reserves of our banks held abroad are increasing fast, and the balances held outside the country are now large. Balances due to our banks and held in Great Britain have increased from \$3,297,000 to \$11,637,000 within the past twelve months, while two years ago they were \$9,455,000. The balances due Canadian banks from banks outside this country and Great Britain, and chiefly in the United States, aggregate the large sum of \$49,266,000. This compares with \$16,727,000 a year ago and \$17,419,000 two years ago.

The result of the recent large imports of gold into Canada is a large increase in Dominion Increase in notes. This paper money has been issued Circulation. against gold deposited in the Government Treasury. The aggregate amount of Dominion notes issued by the government, according to the August return is \$72,714,643. This is about \$10,000,000 more than the previous high record. A year ago the Dominion notes out were \$60,999,550. The increase in \$1 and \$2 bills during August was only \$340,000, which went into general circulation, while the increase for the month in \$5,000 bills was \$5,800,000, the latter finding their way into the chartered banks. Bank note circulation increased \$3,700,000 in August, which is practically the same increase as in August of last year, the movement of farmers' produce being the chief reason for the increased circulation in money. Deducting the government money held by the banks, and adding the bank note circulation, we find that the paper money in circulation in Canada on the 31 August, was \$83,404,000. This compares with \$79,085,000 in July and \$90,718,000 in August 1907. The banks will find no difficulty in financing the crops this year, as money promises to be abundant. To keep within the law, the banks have a leeway of \$25,000,000 in the matter of currency issues from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1, the latter being about the time when the currency is at its maximum.

The security markets have been inactive here during the week. The depressions in Americans has had an unfavorable influence, but there is nothing that would justify a slaughter of securities. Money is abundant and cheaper, while Canada has grown more grain this year than ever before in her history. Prices, too, are comparatively high, and farmers are in good financial shape. The recent advance in the stock market discounted better conditions, and the present reaction was not unnatural. The coming elections, no doubt, will cause some irregularity in prices, for there is always uncertainty attending such issues. The business world will hesitate in making commitments until the result is definitely known. There has been a general decline in prices of United States securities. The weakness was naturally ascribed in part to Mr. Bryan's address, and in part to the perplexities which have arisen in the Republican position as a result of the publication of the Foraker-Standard Oil correspondence. What Wall Street wanted from Mr. Bryan was a speech of the inflammatory kind, which, according to its reasoning, always made more votes for his opponent than for himself. What it got was an appeal to

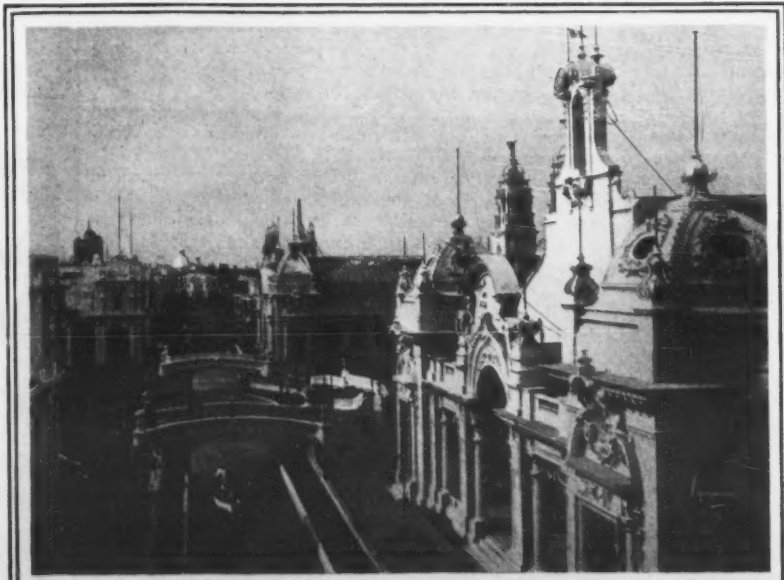
reason rather than to prejudice, and this it obviously does not like. In his treatment of the stock market itself, Mr. Bryan apparently strained a point to appear fair, going so far as to assure Wall Street that if it were innocent it had nothing to worry about from him or his policies. The response to this assurance of a sharp break in stocks offers to Mr. Bryan, at least, opportunity for sarcastic comment. The real crux of the political situation, however, is found in the fact that those who soberly believe Mr. Taft's election a prerequisite to a revival of prosperous conditions are genuinely worried over the outlook.

We publish a few extracts from the New York Journal of Commerce agent, "Bank real estate investments," which may apply to some Canadian banking institutions, in the hope that this vexed subject may result in steps being taken for a change in the public good. The paper referred to says editorially: "It is stated in connection with the final payment of depositors of the National Bank of North America, and the possible liquidation of the affairs of that suspended institution, that among its assets is 84 per cent. of the stock of the Exchange Building Association, which owns the twenty-seven story building in which its offices are located, as well as a large interest in the connecting Trust Company of America Building on Wall Street. These are part of the assets on which the stock holders, among whom C. W. Morse is said to have a controlling interest, are apparently calculating to rehabilitate the bank and keep it in their control. These are spoken of as 'equities' in real estate."

It is the intent of the National Bank Act that national banking associations shall not hold investments in real estate. The evident purpose is to confine a bank's holdings of real estate to the premises occupied and used for its business and such as may be acquired in securing the liquidation of debts due to it from its banking operations, and the latter must be disposed of within five years. The object is to prevent the tying up of its resources in assets that are not 'quick' further or longer than is necessary to secure debts which cannot otherwise be collected. Is holding the control of stock in a corporation organized for the purpose of owning real estate anything but an evasion of this restriction upon investment in that kind of property? It may be easier to dispose of stock in a real estate-owning corporation than to dispose of the property itself, but it is subject to the same kind of fluctuation in value. It is a question whether the law, strictly construed according to its intent, countenances this kind of indirect real estate-owning or the kind of dealing in miscellaneous securities that another prominent national bank went into some time ago by organizing a security company entirely under its own control.

The Bank of France last week showed a gold reserve \$88,000,000 greater than a year ago and larger by \$47,000,000 than the highest total ever reached in its history, up to 1908. The Imperial Bank of Germany reports a cash reserve \$66,000,000 higher than in September, 1907, and within a million dollars of the high record of its history, reached in March, 1905. Almost alone among the great European institutions, the Bank of England holds a smaller stock of gold than in by-gone years, the total runs \$49,000,000 short of that reported in February, 1896, just before the upward movement in American trade and credit; yet even so, the Bank of England holds very much the largest sum of gold reported in this week of any year since 1896. On the face of things, Europe has as little concern about getting gold from other markets as the United States have about losing it.

Comparatively few railroads have reported gross earnings for August, but the showing as far as it goes does not confirm the publicly expressed optimistic views of railway officials. A compilation of the statements of fifty-two companies for August shows a decrease of \$10,691,980, or 15 1/2 per cent., compared with a decrease of \$11,242,352, or 16 1/2 per cent. for July; \$12,284,972, or 21 per cent. for June, and \$13,321,780, or 24 per cent., for May, by the same roads. When the individual reports for August are examined, it is found that Great Northern heads the declines, with \$1,383,980. Baltimore and Ohio comes next, with \$1,352,656, and Northern Pacific third, with \$1,254,251. Decreases reported by other roads serving all sections of the country are confined to six figures or less.



SCENE AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON.
This picture gives an excellent idea of the general plan of grounds and buildings at the Franco-British Exhibition. The French and British Applied Arts Palaces are on the right.

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NEW YORK LETTER

NEW YORK, September 23, 1908.

MY last letter led to the doors of the State conventions of both parties. What took place within these gatherings is now history. Public interest centred in the struggle at Saratoga, the struggle of the bosses and bosslets and general manipulators of our political destinies, to compass the defeat of Governor Hughes for the renomination. The burden of their song was the party's good, and the necessity of selecting a candidate upon whom all factions could unite. What they really wanted was a candidate more agreeable to themselves, who would be equally strong with the voters. Had they been able to agree among themselves upon a candidate answering this description they might have won out. Secretary Root, the chairman of the convention, promptly checked their move to allow his name to go before the convention. He was the administration's representative, and the administration was for Hughes. In other words, he was there to Root for Hughes, and right loyally he did his work. Then David Jayne Hill, Ambassador to Germany, was put up, but a prompt cable to Berlin called that "bluff." Taft sent a special message, and the President flourished the big stick from Oyster Bay, but the machine remained obdurate. It took a steam roller finally to crush the revolt.

Meanwhile the entire country, especially the west and middle west, where Hughes is so much admired, watched New York's attitude with deepest concern. Had Hughes been turned down it is safe to say that dismay would have filled the hearts of Republicans everywhere. As it is, there is little doubt that the morale of the party rank and file has been seriously affected by this exhibition of selfishness. The question arises, if New York State, the pivotal State in the campaign, can subordinate the larger issues to petty ill-will, what hope is there? For the moment, at any rate, there is a distinct slump in Republican stock.

THE harmony at Rochester does not lessen the anxiety of Republicans. Of course, the Democratic convention had to witness the time-honored bout between McCarren and Murphy, and for a time there was some lively sparring. Notwithstanding his overwhelming defeat at the primaries, the Tammany leader, through the Committee on Contested Seats, which he controls, tried to repeat the tactics of last spring and oust some of McCarren's delegates. The Brooklyn leader's answer was an ultimatum to the effect that he would withdraw his entire delegation if one was unseated. Home Rule Democrats from up State took the same stand, and with the threatened withdrawal of 100 delegates, Mr. Murphy climbed down. The Harmony programme was then put through.

Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, who heads the Democratic ticket, belongs on his mother's side to the Astor family. He is a graduate of Columbia and Cambridge, and for many years practiced criminal law in this city. In 1896 he retired from practice and went to England, becoming prominent among the members of the Parnellite party. When he returned to New York he took up politics, and two years ago was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket which Hearst headed for Governor. He is not considered a heavyweight, and as an opponent of Hughes will not appear to great advantage.

John A. Dix, the Democratic nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, is a grandson of Gen. Dix, one-time Governor of New York State and U. S. Treasurer, and author of the famous "Shoot Him on the Spot" order. This is the only militant note in the Harmony Programme.

THE Prince of Peace lecture tour has evidently made Mr. Bryan some warm Canadian friends. One writes to know on what authority I characterize the Democratic candidate as a "sanguine experimentalist in government." This is a large order, and as I am reminded from time to time of the growing demand for advertising space in this paper, I am sending my correspondent a copy of Mr. Hughes' Youngstown speech. In this he will find a fairly complete answer to his own question, and incidentally an answer to some of Mr. Bryan's economic fallacies. This is the speech in which the Governor declares that "Whatever may be his (Bryan's) present political potentiality may be ascribed to the fact that hitherto he has not been permitted to carry out his programme. . . . The temptation to quote more of these tart things is on me, but I forbear. Besides, you have troubles of your own, I see."

THE arrival of these humorous belligerents, Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., has been noted in a way befitting their own political importance, and the prominence of their fellow militants on this side the Atlantic. "Home Rule," Mr. Redmond assures us, "will be granted before another generation." Conditions generally in Ireland, he also says, are improving, thanks to the spread of education. The ostensible object of the visit is the convention of the United Irish League in Boston. From Boston the party will visit other prominent cities, returning this way in a fortnight.

THE discussion of that divine impertinence, Society, with especial reference to New York, in the October Delineator, by Mrs. William Astor, for many years the recognized leader of New York's Four Hundred, is creating a very natural stir in circles affected. Among other things, we are informed that New York society has to be more exclusive than London society, because in America there is "no recognized social authority." The London hostess, for example, has the opportunity to bring together "a brilliant array of Cabinet ministers, journalists, ambassadors, men and women of the stage, painters, poets, and the powers of the money world, such as no leader in New York would attempt to bring together." In the absence of a "recognized social authority," they cannot afford to take chances of "an onslaught on their domains by people of intellectual attainments."

Under such circumstances the disadvantage is obvious, and I commend the prudence. Politicians on this side, she finds for the most part "impossible." The prudence in this case probably concerns the family plate as well.

The cattishness of the following is refreshing, and its truth no doubt unimpeachable: "The best women in New York society . . . are almost unknown outside of their own circle. Society newspaper notoriety is interesting to them as it is to me as a study, a very amusing one, too, sometimes as one gains so much information about certain women supposed to belong to us, but whom we never see and do not know even by sight."

THEATRE managers are making an effort to cut out what they have gruesomely termed the "death watch." Hitherto, seats for opening performances have been applied for in advance by habitual first-nighters, whose complimentary presence the managers now declare is anything but an inspiration to the performance. With their cultivated silence and general air of sophistication, they present a hostile front that frequently unnerves the actor and gives the play a bad start. They are there primarily, because it is the thing to be there, and it is distinctly not the thing in good society, I am informed, to betray enthusiasm. Society newspaper notoriety is interesting to them as it is to me as a study, a very amusing one, too, sometimes as one gains so much information about certain women supposed to belong to us, but whom we never see and do not know even by sight.

ACTIVITY in theatrical production continues, although some of this activity is merely change incident to unsuccessful ventures that have had to be withdrawn. "Diana of Dobson," notwithstanding the successful London run that heralded it, and the presence of so skillful an actress as Miss Carlotta Nilsson in the leading role, has not been fortunate in attracting public attention. The charms, also, of "Glorious Betsy," in which Miss Mary Mannering has been essaying the historic role, have likewise been ignored. "The Call of the North," too, has been unheeded, and next week Mr. Robert Edeson will appear in "The Offenders" instead.

The same fate is written on other plays, but for reasons known only to the management they are holding out against the inevitable.

Plays that have successfully passed the experimental stage, and are settling down with a degree of confidence to a long run are: "The Devil," with Mr. George Arliss in the leading role; "Love Watches," a charming play by R. de Flers and G. Caillavet, adapted by Gladys Unger, in which Mr. Frohman presents a new star, Miss Billy Burke; "The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington, a play primarily for American consumption, but full of bright quips and humorous situations; and "All for a Girl," by Rupert Hughes. "Jack Straw," by W. S. Maugham, just produced this week with Mr. John Drew and Miss Rose Coghlan in the leading roles, will undoubtedly be added to this list of successes. Mr. Drew has never appeared to better advantage, and Miss Coghlan's return to Broadway is a triumph. A review of the play, however, will have to be deferred.

The new plays announced for this week are: "Mater," by Percy Mackaye, which Mr. Miller is producing at the Savoy; "Father and Son," at the Majestic; and "The Fighting Hope," the annual Belasco offering with Blanche Bates, at the Stuyvesant.

Women and Letter-Writing.

WE all know Marcel Prevost, the witty Frenchman, who has studied women with an assiduity that, otherwise directed, might have placed him in the front rank of original scientific research. Mr. Prevost, writing in Figaro, revives an old charge against women's letters. "A woman," he says, "never intends by the letter what she seems to intend. There is always a veiled meaning, always a devious diplomacy. 'Woman,' he adds, 'makes use of a letter just as she employs a glance, a smile, dress, or language, in a manner that is very precise, very carefully thought out, but is quite different from common usage. And, after all, does a woman's hat serve to cover her head? Does a woman's parasol keep off the sun? Does a woman's watch show what time it is? Are a woman's shoes good for walking? Why, then, should a woman's letter serve to convey her real thoughts to the person addressed, just like the letter of some honest grocer, who writes 'I send you five pounds of coffee,' because he really does send you five pounds of coffee?"

That may be all very well in France, where letter-writing is still one of the fine arts. But (says the Argonaut) one never writes letters in America. We send messages by mail and they are usually as direct as that of the grocer quoted by M. Prevost. Letter-writing, like all the other arts, has become one of the superfluities of life, as must be inevitable with every civilization that has lost its soul.

The islands in and around the Caribbean Sea, including Cuba, Hayti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Jamaica, and others of British possession, and the French, Dutch and Danish possessions, have a total population of about 7,000,000, most of whom are supposed to be exceedingly lazy. Their commerce, however, (so The Argonaut points out) does not support this supposition. Its total is not far from 90 per cent. of that of Japan, with a population of nearly 50,000,000. Moreover, while the people of Japan must devote themselves more and more to manufacturing imported materials into commodities for export or live in a state of awful poverty, the natural resources of the West Indies are sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of many times the present population.

Crude and inferior airships are on the market. Wait—Minneapolis Journal.

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BIOGRAPHY IN CAPSULE

No. 1.

ROBERT JOHN FLEMING was born in Toronto, Nov. 23, 1854, and almost immediately started to make a noise in the world. He comes of that Irish persuasion which, while it never deliberately starts a row, is generally, when the dust of conflict settles, to be seen in the rear laughing heartily.

In early life Mr. Fleming was a fighter in the open, having the reputation of having systematically licked every fighting boy on the roll of old Park School. He early plunged into business, his first coup occurring on a May 24, when he slipped up country, while the other employees of the coal office he was in holidayed, purchased several hundred tons of hay, and sold them to his employer at a profit of \$500.



Later on Mr. Fleming gained such a wide and intimate knowledge of real estate that he never purchased any. In his youth he travelled through India with a Mahatma man, where he learned mind-reading, spells, hypnosis and crystal-gazing. These gifts he used to some extent as Mayor, four times, and as Assessment Commissioner, but he never fully developed them until he became manager of the Toronto Railway Company. Mr. Fleming secured that position with the following answers to these questions:

Q. What course would you pursue as Manager?
A. I would pursue the City Council.
Q. What is an overcrowded condition of the street cars?
A. The term is one that should never be used in discussing the subject, as it is not fair to the Company; but such a state of interior congestion on cars is possible wherein a conductor is forced to miss a good many fares, or where the rolling stock threatens to disintegrate.
Q. How would you set about to relieve an overcrowded condition?
A. Subject to the objection above as to the term—install more straps.
Q. If the directors decide that the public are kicking over the car scarcity, and if this scarcity and the kicking continues, what will this situation produce?
A. Dividends.
Q. How would you remedy this—if remedy is needed?
A. Take off 50 old cars, replace them with seven new cars. Announce the advent of the seven new cars. Fix up the old cars, and sell 'em.

Creditable witnesses say that William Mackenzie, after reading these answers, visited R. J. and offered him the presidency of the road. Immediately on assuming office, the new manager had the accident department enlarged and re-painted, and he began to brush up his City Hall lore for immediate service. He has made himself immensely popular with the Amalgamated Association of Straphangers by appealing to the Privy Council and securing a final ruling as to what the rights of people on the street cars are. Although R. J. has gone far, it is said that his final ambition now is to one day become a Privy Councillor.

Mr. Fleming's amusements are keeping Jersey cows, and playing tag with the city authorities in the shape of aldermen. Among Mr. Fleming's charities may be mentioned the installation of the Roncesvalles avenue street car line, and the painting of poles white to tell the man who had his street stop removed, where the cars now stop.

Mr. Fleming is the author of the following works:
"Only the Brave deserve the Fare."
"A Brick Wrapped in Flannel is Still a Brick: How to Throw It."
"The Stops that Failed."
"The Laugh versus the Injunction."
Mr. Fleming has not yet joined the Orange Order. He is very fond of street parades. He frequently watches them from his office window, with the power off.

A CANADIAN ARTIST IN LONDON

A NUMBER of references has been made from time to time by SATURDAY NIGHT to the recent success in London of a young Montreal artist, Mr. R. G. Mathews. In connection with his work and steady progress toward eminence in the English art world, The Canadian Gazette, of London, reports this conversation:

"Who's R. G. M.?" inquired an Englishman, stopping to look at a clever portrait in pastels in the window of the Stafford Gallery in Bond street.

"Oh," said the other man, who happened to know something of what is going on in the circles of art and literature, "he's a young fellow from Canada who is beginning to make a hit over here."

It is a somewhat new thing for a man to come to London from a land which is associated in the Englishman's mind more with record wheat crops and cold weather than with artists, and within a few months attract attention by his work. This is what Mr. R. G. Mathews, of Montreal, is doing, and one need not be unduly optimistic to prophesy that he has a future before him in England, where his art has already found wide appreciation.

If you drop in at the Stafford Gallery some day, says The Gazette, you will see exhibited, in the windows and within, some of his pastel portraits of social and professional celebrities. They show unusual talent. Even the paper on which the portrait is done gives evidence of the artist's taste, for it is seldom dead white. The soft colors in hair, eye, dress, and wherever color shows itself, blend with a creamy brown or soft grey background, making an enchanting color scheme.

Mr. Mathews' specialty is portraits, although he has won no little fame by his black-and-white work on the Montreal Star, and more recently by his sketches in The Graphic and The Bystander. His ability to catch a likeness, and his success in making newspaper portraits of theatrical and musical celebrities, led him to make portraits the chief part of his work. A good example of his other work is his vigorous full-page picture in

The Graphic of Tetrassini singing at the Opera House. This was drawn from the wings, but the great singer was so much interested in the work of the artist that she received him in her dressing-room and gave him a special sitting.

Lady Minto admired Mr. Mathews' work when she was in Canada, and he was a guest at Rideau Hall while he executed portraits—a full-length and a smaller one—of the lady who was one of Canada's most popular Vice-reines, and of her two elder daughters, Lady Eileen Elliot and Lady Ruby Elliot, now Viscountess Errington, the wife of Lord Cromer's eldest son and heir. Lady Antrim, who was visiting her sister at Government House, also sat to Mr. Mathews, and another sitter was Lord Dundonald, well known to Londoners as well as to Canadians.

Sir William Van Horne, the Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and himself an artist of some ability, had his portrait "done" by Mr. Mathews, and Lady Shaughnessy and Miss Alice Shaughnessy, the wife and daughter of the president of the same great company, also sat to him with success.

Mr. Thomas Skinner possesses a portrait of himself by "R. G. M." Mrs. Clouston and Miss Clouston, the wife and daughter of the general manager of the Bank of Montreal, sat for their portraits, as did Mr. Donald Macmaster, K.C., and Mrs. Macmaster, well known in Anglo-Canadian circles.

Nordica and Kubelik are among the musical sitters. The great actor, Forbes Robertson, who is as great a favorite in Canada as in London, made an excellent picture, and his charming wife, Gertrude Elliot, and her beautiful sister, Maxine Elliot (Mrs. Nat Goodwin in private life), are also numbered among the celebrities on Mr. Mathews' list. Another theatrical sitter was John Drew, of a famous family.

Among the latest achievements of the Canadian artist are the portraits of the Misses Plummer, of Toronto, daughters of Mr. J. H. Plummer, all successful likenesses and attractive studies. The portrait of Miss W. Plummer is reproduced on this page. These young ladies, who have been enjoying a London season, were among the Canadians presented at one of the recent Courts.

A feature of the Montreal artist's work is the speed with which he gets his best results. He studies his sitter, chooses the proper background to harmonize with coloring and dress, then, with a motley collection of colored chalks at his side, he sets to work. Each stroke tells. Every line is sure and correct, and in a surprisingly short space of time the portrait grows under his fingers into a picture of artistic merit.

Speaking of Mr. Mathews' work, an artist says: "He is a clever draughtsman, with a quick and sympathetic insight into the character of the sitter. Though his records of his subjects are necessarily restricted, they compel notice. There are no unnecessary details to distract the eye from the face he portrays. The attention must needs be concentrated on the face; all else is subordinate. Mr. Mathews uses all the technical resources at his command, but he mixes with them an understanding of character and concentrated observation."

It was only in the spring, concludes The Gazette, that Mr. Mathews came to London for the first time, and already he has brought himself to the general notice of the art-loving public, as well as under the special attention of the discerning who see before him a future.

A Remarkable Migration Movement.

ONE of the most gigantic migrations ever known in all history has (says The Pall Mall Gazette) been so quietly proceeding that the world in general has taken no note of this extraordinary movement. During the past twelve months over 500,000 of the inhabitants of European Russia have emigrated to Siberia. That is equal to half the number received in the same period by the United States from the whole earth. The figures given to the Duma by Prince Vasilitchikoff, Minister of Agriculture, show that a wonderful stimulus has been given to this orientating tendency in the few years since the Russo-Japanese War.

For several years preceding 1906, the average annual migration from European Russia across the Urals was about 60,000 persons. In 1906 the figure rushed up to 180,000, in 1907 to 400,000, and in the first three months of 1908 the number registered for emigration to Siberia was 70,000 families, or 420,000 persons. Thus the movement is this year growing prodigiously. Amongst the causes of this marvellous shifting of population two are specially visible. The poverty-stricken Russian peasants have little faith in the measures the Grand Council of the Empire is taking to settle the burning agrarian problem, and the accounts brought home by soldiers from the late war have impressed the mujiks with glowing ideas of the vast natural wealth of Siberia.

One of these influences tends to drive the peasants out of European Russia; the other turns their hopes and their faces to the great Eastern section of the Empire. The emigrants seldom or never go singly or in families, but gather in colonies for the exodus, sending some of their number in advance to select allotments for the whole party. Thus a great new nation is in course of formation in Siberia.

Where Billiards Came From.

IT is a fact not generally known that the game of billiards was invented by a pawnbroker, William Kew by name, who flourished in London some time back in the sixteenth century. This inventive avuncular relative of the needy used to employ his leisure hours in wet weather when trade was dull by taking down the three balls which were the insignia of his profession, and pushing them about the counter of his shop with a yard-stick, after the manner of the game as at present played, and using boxes fastened to the sides of his counter for pockets. Out of this was developed a table with a fence of slight elevation about it to keep the balls from rolling off on the floor, and to enable the player to make what have since become known as cushion shots.

There is in existence in England at this time an old Black-letter manuscript containing a quaint reference to the game and its ingenious inventor. It reads as follows:

"Master Will Kew did make un (one) board wherebi a game was played with three balls; and alle the younge men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the younge clergymen from Saint Pawless. (Probably St. Paul's). Hence one of ye strokes was named a 'canon,' having been by one of ye said clergymen invented. The game is now known by ye name of 'Bill-Yard,' because William, or Bill Kew, did first play it with a yard measure. The stick used is now called a Kue, or Kew, in memory of Mr. Kew, who has been dead some time."

If this quaint and curious description of the origin of billiards is entirely accurate, is it not possible that those "younge clergymen" were also the inventors of the game of pool, the word itself being a corruption of St. Paul's?—Harper's Weekly.

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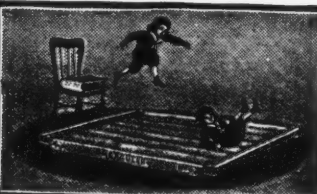


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MR. FRED M. WHITE, the popular novelist, indulges in these reflections:

"To my mind the fascination of golf lies in its splendid republicanism. It has a freemasonry all its own. The man who plays a passable game of golf, be he as shy and retiring as they are made, can pack his bag and play from St. Andrews to Westward Ho! and find all the good fellows and pleasant acquaintances he needs 'right away.' If he is *en garçon* he will be asked to dinner and bridge; if his wife is with him the 'other fellows' people will call on her. Anyway, that's my experience. So much for the social side of this glorious game.

"You play golf all the time. You play it all the year round. And you are always 'in.' No leather hunting, no two days' loafing out of three, as is possible in cricket. However badly you play you are getting all the exercise you need. A series of bad holes is succeeded by two or three good ones, and, best of all, your partner never suffers from your 'muscular stupidity,' as a friend of mine calls it.

"I wonder if my friend T. P. O'Connor remembers his remark to me that in a round of golf 'every hole is an epic'?

"Well, so it is, despite the fact that most epics are tragedies. Perhaps here is the secret of the fascination of golf."

MR. G. W. MADDICK, managing director of the Lady's Pictorial, and Sporting and Dramatic News Company, Limited, says:

"To me the fascination of golf is that it keeps me in the open air all day, and diverts my thoughts for a few hours from paper and print.

"Another thing is that I wildly hope that some day I may be able to play a decent hole, much less a round.

"Then, again, its glorious uncertainty is fascinating, for one makes a brilliant drive, to find that it has been so brilliant as to reach the bunker.

"Personally, the worse I play the keener I get, and at the end of the day look forward with strong desire to the next opportunity."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE wedding, *par excellence*, of the season took place on Wednesday, Sept. 23, at half-past eleven o'clock, in St. Basil's church, St. Joseph street, when Mr. Walter Williams Beardmore, third son of Mr. Walter Beardmore, and Miss Katherine Mackenzie, fifth daughter of Mr. William Mackenzie of Benvenuto, were married. Long before the hour set for the celebration of the nuptial mass, which was said by Rev. Father Kelly, the side aisles of the large church were filled with those who desired to witness a marriage in which an unusual number of Toronto people took great interest. The centre portion of the church was reserved for invited guests, and the ends of the pews were beautified by large bouquets of pale pink carnations and lily of the valley tied with broad white ribbons. The altar was a bower of pink and white blossoms, the handsome permanent decorations being enhanced by garlands of feathery ferns and the wealth of flowers, the fragrance of which delicately scented the air. The family and friends of the bridegroom occupied the right side of the aisle, and those of the bride the left, although in some cases guests scarcely knew which side belonged to them, for as one lady remarked: "I love them both equally well." The circumstance that the groom had joined the faith of his beautiful little *fiancee* some months ago naturally interested many, and on that proof of devotion was resultant the solemn and impressive ceremony of Wednesday morning with its stately and reverent details. Dr. Nicolai played an exquisite cello solo during the service. Led by the six ushers, the bride's procession came slowly up the long aisle, the sunlight beaming brightly after so many dull days, and the great organ, under Dr. Vogt's master-touch, pealing the bridal music. The groom and his best man, Mr. Clement Pepler, were awaiting the bride at the chancel rail, and the bridal procession included Mr. Britton Osler, Mr. Norman Gowski, Mr. Clement Beardmore, Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Joe Mackenzie, and Mr. Stanley Kerr, who acted as ushers, Miss Nadine Kerr and Miss Ethel Mitchell, the bridesmaids, and Miss Grace Mackenzie, younger sister of the bride, the maid of honor. The bridesmaids wore lovely short waisted gowns of palest pink chiffon with deep hems of satin, and large hats with tulle "brides," and the maid of honor palest blue, each frock being especially dainty and becoming, and the pretty faces of the charming girls, made even prettier by the quaint wide brimmed hats, airily trimmed, with flowers and tulle and the lovely posies of pink roses, putting a finishing touch to their costumes. We have had more stately and imposing brides, but never a more perfect ideal of girlish beauty and winsomeness than was Miss Katherine Mackenzie as she came up the aisle with her father to her bridal. The satin robe falling softly in the perfect lines that the great Paris artiste in such matters knows how to arrange, with panels of pearl embroidery and ivory lace, rare and exquisite, and a veil of fine lace half concealing the perfect little face of the dark haired bride, the shower of lilies that fell in ethereal beauty from the large bouquet, made up a picture that will not soon fade from the memory of those who sat through the long service, during which the bride and groom traversed the chancel from steps to altar several times. After the ceremony and the signing of the register, the guests followed the bridal party in motors and carriages to Benvenuto, where even the unprecedented drought of the past six weeks has failed to spoil the soft green of tree and turf, and where the beautiful home was *en fete* in honor of the happy day. In the billiard room was a wealth of presents from many countries, where the bride has loving friends, and each seemed to have vied with the other to select unique and elegant gifts. A cabinet of jewels, four beautiful clocks, one with the dial plate set in diamonds, splendid cut crystal, dainty and quaint bits of silver, many books and pictures, furs and lace, a set of Japanese tables, packed in an ingenious "nest," in fact everything mind could think of or heart desire, was the tribute of Miss Katherine's friends. The bride and groom had their reception bower of flowers and green in the drawing room. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie welcoming their guests in the wide central hall, and in the dining room a lovely bride's table was set, and some other pretty tables for relatives of both bride and groom, while all over the handsome rooms were arranged quartette tables decorated with pink roses for the guests. Mr. D. D. Mann proposed the bride's health, and several good speeches were made, till Benvenuto rung with the cheers and laughter they evoked. Mrs. Beardmore changed her bridal robe for a dainty travelling costume of pale grey, and hat to match, and this quiet garb was plentifully variegated with confetti as she and her bridegroom fled through the merry crowd who pelted them to their carriage. There was the usual laughing group of pretty

girls to catch the bride's bouquet which was tossed from the landing and followed by cheers and hearty good wishes Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore began their bridal journey. Among those who wished them every blessing were Lady Mortimer Clark and Miss Mortimer Clark, who attended the reception after the ceremony; Lady Falconbridge, Mrs. Gilbert Griffin, Mr. Edward Harris, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mr. Donald Mann, Mrs. W. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Laidlaw, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill and her two fine little sailor sons, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beardmore of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Miss and Mr. Mackeand of Hamilton, Mr. Remy Elmsley, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Laird, Mr. and Mrs. Eden Smith, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls of The Homewood, Miss Edith Kingsmill, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Miss Gzowski of Clovelly, Senator and Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Mrs. Graham Campbell, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, Mr. Stewart Houston, Miss Helen Gibbons of London, Mrs. C. C. and the Misses Baines, Mrs. and Miss Adele Harman, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Spragge, Colonel Sam Hughes, Mrs. Prant MacDonald, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Saunders, Mrs. McGregor Young, Colonel Stinson, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Merry, Miss Merry, Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Canon Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Sir Thomas and Miss Shaughnessy, Hon. J. J. and the Misses Foy, Mrs. Bruce MacDonald and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Temple and many others. Three little grandchildren of Benvenuto, Master Willie Mackenzie, Master Gilbert Griffin and his jolly little sister, were much pelted by everyone. The family party on both sides was large, and as usual Mrs. Frederick Beardmore was the cynosure of all eyes in a very delicate blue sheath gown and large plumed black hat. Mrs. Beardmore wore a silver grey satin gown, and Mrs. Mackenzie a handsome costume of black lace mounted on white. Mrs. Scott Griffin looked very well in white cloth and white hat with a touch of fur. Miss Ethel Mackenzie wore pearl grey with braided coatee; Mrs. Arthur Grantham was also in grey. Mrs. Charles Kingsmill wore a golden brown rajah dress and large green hat with feathers. The intense heat made the lightest lace or muslin gowns very comfortable wear. Mrs. Nordheimer wore a dainty white *voile de soie* dress with Irish lace trimmings; Mrs. Cambie a pretty dull blue costume. Mrs. R. A. Smith was stunningly gowned in Eminence Liberty satin, with bands of embroidery and lace sleeves. A number of the guests motored out to the races after bidding *bon voyage* to the bride and groom, and were in time to see Mr. Seagram's Inferno behave very well and win the Durham Cup.

The race meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club has been favored, up to the time of writing, with fair weather, however unseasonable July heat, smoky air, and almost fog may be called in the latter part of September. Except on opening day, when a raw east wind was busy, people have been wearing the summery fabrics, although here and there dames with new fall gowns have worn them and dared a heat-stroke. Among the out-of-town visitors, whom everyone welcomed, were: Sir Thomas and Miss Alice Shaughnessy, Lady Allan, Mr. and Mrs. George Allan, Lady Dorothy Smiley, a very bright and clever little lady, newly arrived in Canada from Budapest, and going on to the West for some shooting later on. Lady Dorothy's husband has been attached to the Court at Vienna and Budapest, and Lady Dorothy has been very good company with those fortunate enough to meet her here, and has worn some very smart frocks at the races. On Tuesday she looked a very dainty dame in white with a nosegay of pink flowers and an exceedingly dashing hat; on Wednesday she wore a long turquoise satin gown, one of the few gowns daring to trail on the very grimy turf of the Members' Lawn. Mrs. R. A. Smith's violet satin was another handsome gown that afternoon. The English visitors remarked the prevailing fashion among our Canadian women of wearing short skirts at the Race Meet, which is doubtless a clean and tidy one, but does not give the style of trailing English gowns, which are more or less cheerfully ruined every day at the big race meets. Mrs. P. C. Larkin wore a handsome lace costume on Wednesday. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, who amiably continue to do official work; until the new Lieutenant-Governor is able to take up the burden, drove out on Wednesday about four o'clock to present the Durham Cup. Captain Douglas Young was in attendance. Sir Mortimer Clark made a few apt and clever remarks in making the presentation to Mr. Seagram. Lady Mortimer Clark carried a large bouquet of red roses, presented on her arrival. There was quite a smart attendance and some very handsome gowns. Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, who has been very well gowned in various pretty frocks at each afternoon's meeting, was one of a jolly group, on Wednesday, including Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Lady Dorothy Smiley. Mrs. Will Hendrie, in white and black, and Miss Hendrie, in a lovely violet gown, came out late. Miss Braithwaite, who will come out this season, is a very pleasant and popular girl. Mrs. G. P. Magann, who is entertaining Mrs. Carnan, has been very much admired in a brown Directoire costume, and was also looking very pretty at the wedding on Wednesday. General Cotton, Colonel Septimus Denison, Major and Mrs. Carpenter, Major and Mrs. Elmsley, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell have attended and taken the usual interest in the races, at which some of the officers have, I hear, been very lucky in picking the winners, Lady Whitney and her daughters came down once or twice; Mrs. Bristol brought her charming guest, Miss Hess; Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Tom Clark both looked extremely well, in pretty gowns and hats; Dr. and Mrs. Silva Young were at the races on Tuesday, Mrs. Silva Young in deep blue silk and white, with large hat with roses. Mrs. D. W. Alexander, on whom the burden of entertaining honored guests has fallen this autumn, has been a model hostess, and the cosy little teas in the private tea-room have been enjoyed by many guests. Mrs. Fraser has, as usual, been the presiding spirit at these pleasant functions. Both ladies have been charmingly gowned and charmingly gracious every day. Young Mrs. Bowby has also entered into the hospitalities of the Meet, and helped the President to her utmost. The opening Incheon was, I am told, a great success; each Director had his own table and special party, instead of the large horseshoe table as formerly.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Hodgson, daughter of Mr. Wm. Hodgson, to Mr. Samuel R. Martin, took place at Holy Trinity church on September 16, at 7 p.m. The aged rector, Rev. Chas. Pearson, conducted the ceremony. The happy couple left for a month's trip through the northern lakes.

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We have just opened a new bale of rugs. They are of surprising quality, rare colorings, excellent patterns, and among them are many genuine antiques. We are still selling, at a considerable discount from regular prices, and strongly advise any who are furnishing their houses or refitting for the fall season, to make an early selection.

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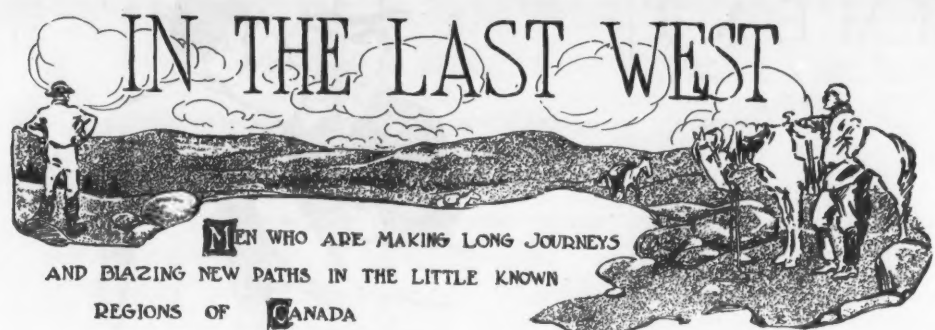
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IN THE LAST WEST
MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS
AND BLAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN
REGIONS OF CANADA

THE Prairie West is so new and raw that historic spots may be counted on the fingers of one's hands. A few of these are the St. Boniface cathedral and its chimes. Riel's grave, the gateway of old Fort Garry, the monument of the battle at Sevenoaks, on Main street, but just outside the northern limits of Winnipeg. In many cases little remains to mark these spots. Such is the case with old Fort Walsh. The fort, with its stockade, is gone, and in its place are corrals and a ranch house, but the little cemetery on the hill is there, with its half dozen mounds, one marking the resting place of Graburn, an old-timer, whose name is perpetuated by a postoffice and dipping-vat.

When the R.N.W.M. Police came into Western Canada in '73 they did so by way of Fort Benton, Mont., and after trekking forty miles north of the international boundary stopped in a small plain on Battle Creek, on the south side of the Cypress Hills, distant about forty miles from what is now Maple Creek, which is to the north. The first post was named after their intrepid leader, Major Walsh, who feared nothing. So remarkable was his courage that a noted Indian chief said: "No use try kill that man." Strategist, amateur and otherwise, have found fault with the location, owing to the defiles and coulees, more or less timbered, down which Indians might creep undisturbed until close to the stockade. The red-coated policeman, however, despite these opinions, refused to worry, and in spare hours raced horses on the old race track now only tenanted by the outlawed coyote, the burrowing gopher, or the shrike-building steer, and during business hours dealt out justice without fear or favor.

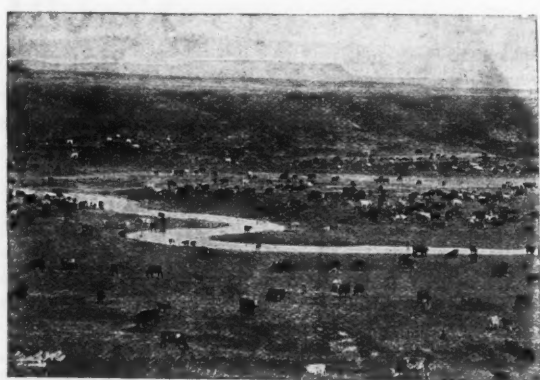
Peace did not always reign in the locality, for between Crees and Blackfeet existed a feud which had to be expunged by blood, and the cleansing process resulted in a fearful massacre, when nearly all the combatants were wiped out, a gruesome reminder in after years being the tufts of human hair to be found scattered about the locality.

All distances were measured from the old fort, and we have yet Ten-mile Post, a police detachment, Four and Six Mile Coulee. The country is very pretty on Battle Creek and it is well worth the effort of a forty-mile drive over the cactus, alkali, dusty plain from Maple Creek and up the Cypress Hills, over trails which wind through thickets of wild gooseberries, currants and raspberries—trails that occasionally become very stony, owing to the silt-removing springs, which bubble of their fulness over the travelled road. Here and there the hillsides are dotted with spruce, which, lord-like, rear their tops among the inferior poplars and stunted oaks and other deciduous relatives. The Battle Creek side of the hills is well covered with verdure, and here and there along its course may be noted the little farmsteadings of settlers, who have taken up land under an irrigation act and as a consequence have become somewhat more independent of the weather, for upon this land the Heavens do not often open.

There is just now a faint whispering in the wind, a hint of railway

construction from a point on the Soo line, two hundred and fifty miles to the east. It is, however, yet very faint, and at eventide all is still, save for the tinkle of the bell of the ranch milk herd, or the occasional lowing of a cow, prompted by maternal solicitude for her calf, the proximity of that thief of the range, the coyote, having been revealed by his bark. In a ranching country, settlement is sparse, and neighbors few, and when no telegraphic or telephonic communication is to be had, and only a weekly mail, the world may be said to be shut out.

A WESTERN correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT writes this page to point out that the West is unjust to its womenkind. He says: The East has impressed upon the West time and time again that it is new and raw and that it lacks culture, and the charge is made, not al-



ONE OF ALBERTA'S GREAT CATTLE RANCHES.

together without justice. There is certainly one point in this connection at which we deserve reproach—the omission to give married women dower rights in the prairie provinces.

The culture of a country depends largely on the character of its womenkind. Such being the case, an inspection of some of the disabilities under which the sex labor in the West is pertinent and necessary. It is not, we believe, through lack of a sense of justice or gallantry that the women of the prairie have no dower rights, as have their sisters in Ontario, but is rather due to a carelessness on the part of the male legislators, whose energies have been bent in the direction of material things, instead of in safeguarding their oft-times defenseless partners in home-building.

It is the outstanding disgrace of the prairie provinces to-day that a woman may go up into this land with her husband and help him to possess it, without any rights in the matter herself; he may be a *bon vivant*, a *dilettante*, or a scoundrel, and by law can sell his acres or the home without consulting or providing for her, whose faithfulness and hard work has in many cases provided sustenance for him and his children, and kept the fire on the domestic altar alight. Women about to come west should consider this heavy and unjust handicap and provide accordingly before giving up homes and a certainty in the East.

There is here an opportunity for a man in each Provincial Legislature to erect an imperishable monu-

ment to himself by introducing the necessary legislation into each Provincial Assembly and by staying with the measure until it becomes law.

ONE of the longest and most remarkable canoe trips on record has just been completed by W. J. McLean, who arrived in Winnipeg the other day on his return from the far north, where he has been making the annual payments of money to treaty Indians. This Dominion officer started on his journey through the wilderness on May 30, and, with his party, covered over 2,500 miles, practically all the travelling being done by canoe. The party consisted of eighteen, and the staff were: W. J. McLean, paying officer; Dr. D. P. Stewart, Saskatoon, medical officer; F. C. Conroy, Ottawa, secretary, and James Clair, Prince Albert, assistant secretary. The others were

trappers and canoe-men. In speaking of his trip to newspaper interviewers, in Winnipeg, Mr. McLean said that he had been to the fringe of the barren lands and over some trails that had been unfrequented ever since the old days of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the rivers he found power sites that would supply the entire city of London with electrical energy, found traces of minerals and canoes over rivers and lakes teeming with fish. At almost any point whitefish could be secured by just dropping a net or line, while on Reindeer Lake he caught a trout in a net which tipped the scales at 30 pounds, and at the same place caught one on a line that went 25 pounds. Pickerel and pike could be secured anywhere and some of the small and apparently insignificant waters contained sufficient fish to feed the city of Winnipeg for months.

The most remote northern point touched by the party was Lac du Brochet, where Mr. McLean thought that nothing could be grown, but he was surprised to find a garden and some very fine specimens of potatoes which had been raised there. Mr. McLean is an old-timer in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was specially chosen to make the trip through this country which is unfamiliar to most of those on the trail to-day. With the opinion that he had of the country he went in and with an entirely different one he returned, as at Pelican Narrows, another remote point he again found a garden, this time, however, it was a most pretentious one and included in its products corn, carrots, beets, onions, cabbage and cauliflower. At The Pas and Cumberland House he found the same and to his surprise everything was growing with a powerful luxuriance. This is the result of continued experiment, but no really scientific experiment with the country has been attempted and civilization may yet extend to these now remote points.

NEWS about Labrador may scarcely seem to fit into this department. However all the unexplored regions of Canada containing resources one day to be developed, all its little known water-powers, mineral deposits, etc., are not in "the last West." When Dr. Grenfell, the intrepid medical missionary of the Labrador Coast told the members of the Toronto Canadian Club a year or so ago of his project to introduce reindeer to that country, his hearers were interested; and it may interest people here and there about the country who read this page to know that the experiment is proving successful. These domesticated reindeer, taken to Labrador by Dr. Grenfell at the end of last year, have passed through

Ladies' Ordered Tailoring at Simpson's



A LADY was buying some suitings and linings in this store last week and expressed great satisfaction with our Dress Goods Department.

"But," said she, "I do wish you were dressmakers and ladies' tailors as well as dry goods merchants. I haven't been in Toronto very long and I don't know WHERE or to whom I can trust these goods to be made up."

Of course we HAVE a big, busy dressmaking and tailoring department and we hastened to tell her so. At the same time we determined to tell any new-comers to the city what a good place it is to have work done.

In the first place, you can select the goods here—that is a big point—everything that goes into your suit or your dress, from velvet to buttons.

Then we are a responsible firm. You lose nothing if an accident did happen. We have a large staff of skillful workers supervised by experts, modistes of international experience. We guarantee positively the authoritative nature and the distinguished quality of our work—style, fit and finish.

The department is very busy. Those who have a suit to choose should do so right away so as to allow time for the making.

Suits and Dress Fabrics, 52 inches wide, selling at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.
Suits made to order, \$35.00, \$38.00, \$40.00, \$45.00, \$50.00 to \$100.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

their first and most trying winter successfully.

According to Fur News all are reported strong and lusty. The one mischance was an attack on some of them by the savage dogs owned by the settlers. One stag was seriously mauled, but Dr. Grenfell continued to patch up his wounds and the beast is now right again.

One other difficulty has also been overcome. The Lapp herdsmen are gradually learning English and are now able to make themselves understood.

The reindeer have proved themselves the best means of transport in northern winter. Most successful and speedy journeys have been made. The Lapps have also shown the natives how to get over the snow and ice with ski. A large part of the herd will soon be conveyed to Labrador.

THIS is the way the Canadian West is being built up. The incident is described by William Hild, representing Everybody's Magazine, with a party of American correspondents who recently toured the West.

"I discovered the most progressive man in North America yesterday in a box car on the spur leading from the Canadian Northern to the Grand

Trunk Pacific, near Saskatoon.

"He sat on the top of his piano, and on the forward end of the car were bricks imported personally from the United States. In the rear end were bird cages, bags of seed wheat and other things. All the material for success in a new country, not forgetting the bricks, was present.

"When I asked him how soon he was going to reach his destination, this immigrant replied that he expected to be there as soon as the rails had been laid along which his car could be hauled.

"He was billed to a station not on the map when his car started. He is now helping the construction gang to make the railway which will make his home.

"He is the incarnation of the spirit of the Northwest, which not only keeps pace with its facilities, but outruns them."

ONE of the most interesting features of that city-to-be, the Pacific Coast terminal and port of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is its newspaper, the Prince Rupert Empire. In a recent issue The Empire had this to say about its staff.

The Empire is managed by a man who was born in Ontario, raised in Missouri and Texas, and matured in

British Columbia. He gives employment to three men and women. One was born in Ontario and went broke in Skagit county, Washington. Another was born in Scotland and worked so long in Dublin that he had to come to Canada to make a living. The other was born in England, of Scotch parents, and came to The Empire from Port Simpson.

It is generally considered that the accomplished social grafter, who has successfully solved the problem on How to Live Well on Nothing a Year, is limited to large cities, says Lilian Bell in the October Smart Set. But if you will stop to think a moment, you will be able to recall from your own experience that there is no town so small, no farming district even, which does not boast a man who is always wanting a pocketful of nails, or a woman who wants a cup of sugar and a pinch of tea, which never by any chance are returned.

This is, of course, its crudest form. In towns it runs more to copying the clothes and hats of those fortunate enough to get their fashions from occasional trips to the city; to borrowing the new songs and stealing new ideas, until it must be more of a burden than a joy to be prominent in a town where such liberties are taken, with or without permission.

But for the highest exemplification of real social graft, commend me to the persons who, either from motives of thrift or stern necessity, must get the bulk of their living out of their friends. In the dear old-fashioned hospitality, where the latch-string always hangs out to friends, we are sometimes compelled to entertain unwelcome guests and make the best of it.

There are few of us so poor-spirited that we would grudge a meal or two even to people we don't like.

But the form of social graft most in vogue at the present is the polite but firm pressure which compels us to pay for small luxuries for persons we care nothing about; a pressure which we can ill afford and which robs the act of all the graciousness it might possess, if ours were a voluntary generosity. For the friends of a social grafter are literally held up.

This is not an exchange of courtesies. It is petty larceny.

Germany already taxes the bachelor, it seems. The Strasburg town council not long ago adopted as an experiment a sliding scale of payment with regard to municipal employees' salaries, discrimination being made in favor of married couples with children. A standard schedule of salaries is the basis of the scheme, but it only benefits in full married men with families up to three children.

"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right." "It is all right." "Do you give the girls a good practical business training?" "In reply to that question I can only say that 60 per cent. of our graduates marry their employers the first year." —Louisville Courier-Journal.



MISS CARRIE REYNOLDS
The well-known soubrette, who has joined the Imperial Opera Company, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.



THE WOOD-ANDERSON RANCH ON THE SITE OF OLD FORT WALSH.

Have
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in the Home. It enables you to prepare tasty meals; to reserve cold meat and vegetables in a palatable and wholesome form.

BOVRIL enables the housewife to give tasty and nutritious food to those under her care.

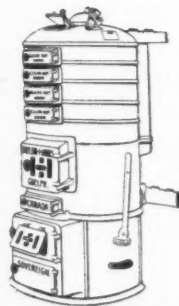
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**HOT
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THE "SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILER IS UNAPPROACHABLE IN ITS ABILITY TO SAVE COAL. OUT OF EVERY TEN TONS OF COAL, ORDINARILY USED, IT WILL SAVE FROM ONE TO THREE TONS.

The boilers that are claiming a larger first section imitate the "Sovereign" in one point only.

The "Sovereign" is new in every integral part of its construction. All imitations are old pattern boilers with a larger first section added.

The "Sovereign" has twenty points of exclusive merit and to get all the advantages of improved boiler construction you must get the genuine "Sovereign."

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**BICYCLING**
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**FIFTEEN MILE HANDICAP
BICYCLE ROAD RACE**

The bicycle road event of the season. Run with the sanction of the C. W. A. under the auspices of The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company.

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 3rd

starting at 3.30 o'clock sharp from the head of Broadview ave., 7 1/2 miles out the Danforth and Kennedy roads and return. All entries must be in by Sept. 30th. No track entries allowed. Entry blanks and full information may be obtained from R. Reith, 15 Temperance street, Toronto.

SPORTING COMMENT



"Yeh, we been away fishin'."

ONE finds, on reading the British press, that "Colonel Bogey" is still in the golf game, notwithstanding the fact that his records are no longer regarded in Canada. Here we attempt to keep a line on our play by measuring our performances against the incredible scores of another mythical military personage, "General Par." Of the two, I must say, after a season's experience, I am prepared to join with those who express a preference for our old friend, Col. Bogey. The performances of Gen. Par are quite beyond most of us, and how the mischief he thinks he did the tenth hole in 4 1-2 is more than most of us can make out. Was it golf he was playing, or something else? At all events, nobody but this mythical person can do a fraction in so many strokes and a fraction, and such being the case the miracle score Gen. Par made, does not serve as a guide to the golfer, as was the case with Bogey's more modest performance.

It would be idle to deny that there is merit in the par system—in that it enables courses to be standardized, and handicaps equalized for tournament and such purposes. But why not par all the courses of clubs in the Canadian Golf Association, for the purposes of the organization in its annual meets, and par all the contestants, so that an exact line can be got on them, while, for ordinary club and inter-club purposes retaining the older and simpler bogey method of handicapping? I say simpler, but the advantage in the bogey method consists not only in its simplicity, but in its reasonableness. The score is one that the common sense of the average player recognizes as just and reasonable. The par score is, for the average player, unattainable. The bogey score he can keep in mind every time he plays, and seek to beat it. The par score does not concern him—it is beyond him. It may inspire the club professional; it is of little use as an inspiration to club members.

Many golfers will agree that such merit as is to be found in the par system could be sufficiently turned to account in a club's books, where the par standing of each member could be recorded for reference when wanted. But for ordinary everyday use players should be handicapped against bogey and privileged, once again, to try conclusions with their old antagonist, the "Colonel."

HERE is the story of a sensational golf match played in India. It was sent in to the Calcutta Empire by a correspondent, who implored the editor not to divulge his name: "A match which aroused great local interest was played at Tollypore during last week, the players in question representing the maximum handicaps of their respective teams. The weather was hot and dry, but a large gallery in the same condition assembled to witness the match. At the first hole, 359 yards, Mr. Manall led off with a low, bumping shot to within 350 yards of the pin. Mr. Clare drove to the edge of the tee. Twenty minutes afterwards the hole was halved in 14. Mr. Clare took the lead at the third, Mr. Manall having just missed a putt of an inch. At the

next, the shot hole, Mr. Manall struck his seventh into the nullah, and taking ten to get out, became two down, his opponent having holed out in a lucky 15. With his drive at the sixth Mr. Manall struck a spectator, who had stupidly been standing at right angles to the tee.

"On the eighth green Mr. Clare skied his putt and lost the hole. A mechanical eleven followed and Mr. Clare turned one up. At the tenth, playing a determined game, Mr. Manall smashed his brassie. At the eleventh Mr. Clare drove a divot 150 yards. Approaching from the edge of the thirteenth green Mr. Clare made the longest shot of the match. At the fourteenth Mr. Manall teed a dozen 'Professionals' before clearing the tank, Mr. Clare, who went round by the bamboos, winning in 19. The lone hole was halved in a strenuous 25. Late in the day Mr. Manall drove into the last bunker on the course, Mr. Clare following with the like. Here for the next half hour play was of an even nature. Then Mr. Manall sent for a new niblick. After the land-slip the umpire decided to postpone the match and declared an interval while the competitors, in company with the few still undefeated spectators, inspected the nineteenth hole."

A CURIOUS incident occurred in a golf match at the Lambton Golf and Country Club a few days ago when two members were playing their round in the annual club championship. They were putting on the third green. As those who have played the course know, the third green cannot be seen by those who are playing to it after the drive from the tee, unless the drive be a phenomenally long one. Two players were on the green holing out, and one, after carefully eyeing the shot he had to make, deliberately made his putt. As the ball rolled delicately towards the hole another ball came spinning across the green, struck it and knocked it several feet away. The feelings of the player whose cautious putt had been ruined in this violent manner may be imagined, as he looked this way and that and could see no sign of any person responsible for the outrage. Another player, not knowing that the green was occupied, had sent an iron shot down to the green from beyond the crest of the hill. Of course the player, whose ball had been knocked away in this unheard of manner, had to grin and bear it. It was the luck of the game.

FISHING a well-known river in Norway this June, one of the tenants of the fishing lodge opposite ours caught a fish of twenty-nine pounds in the morning and lost another, his spinning line being broken by the rush of a heavy fish. Fishing with prawn the afternoon of the same day, the same angler, in the same pool, got into a good fish at his first cast. After a long fight the fish was gaffed and landed. Then was revealed a strange state of things. The prawn tackle had never touched the fish; in fact the hooks were a foot or more from it. They had caught in the cast which had been lost that morning, and was now twisted into knots and tangles, no doubt, by the salmon endeavoring

to get rid of the treble Norsk cast and hooks. The line had been got rid of. As the prawn swung down the pool it had grappled the lost cast still attached to the salmon, and fish (thirty-three pounds), cast and tackle were recovered. We watched the incident from the road, and crossing the river handled the recovered cast. Many maintain that salmon once hooked and played for any length of time leave the pool. —W. H., in London Field.

NEXT week will see nearly all the leading lady golfers in Canada at the Lambton Golf and Country Club competing in the annual ladies' championship contest. The entry list promises to be a large one, and the course is now in the finest shape it has been in since the club was started. The ladies will play over the men's eighteen hole course, and all men's matches in the third round of the club championship have been postponed by order until the following week. The ladies' tournament opens on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with a qualifying round of eighteen holes, medal play. It is expected that the tournament will bring out a lot of spectators, and for their benefit it may be said that a train runs out daily at 1.30 p.m.

JAMES BRAID has excellent views as to what constitutes a good golf course. He contends that a course should have four short holes, two for an iron or mashie, one for a cleek, and one for a full drive; also two very long holes. The others should vary, two full-shot holes predominating. He does not favor cross-bunkers to any great extent, but believes in the "bottle-neck" system of guarding the greens so as to make the approach narrow. In his opinion, the total length of a course should be between 6,000 and 6,400 yards.

The champion is also particular about the arrangement of the holes. The first two, in his opinion, should be of such a nature as to permit players to get quickly away without congestion, and he also asks that the three last holes be a severe test. The logic of this contention has long been admitted by all thinking golfers. So many matches are settled at the latter end of the course that it is unquestionably preferable to have these holes of a character calculated to bring out the best golf at the player's command.

**Ex-President Doo'ey's Own
Story of His Big Hunt.**

"A SUNDAY'S Fishin' at Mud Lake," he ex-Prisident Doo'ey. (Price two hundred and forty thousand dollars.) Sundah, th' illivinth iv July, woke clear an' fair. We detarmined on an arly start, an' th' nine-nine saw us uncomfortably ensconced in a corner iv th' smoker. Our outfit had been carefully selected. F'r th' binit iv young sportsmen, p'raps a few wurruds on th' equipment may not be amiss. In th' first place th' Nimrod shud provide himself with a strong pair iv shoes. Button shoes are excellent, but not so aisy to put on again afther th' niciss'ry nap afther lunch. I meself prefer ordh'nry lace shoes, with a loop behind. Th' loop shud be made iv cloth, which is aisy on th' middle finger, that must be employed to pull th' shoe on th' foot. Socks shud be worn inside th' shoes an' between th' shoes an' th' feet. Th' rest iv th' apparel f'r pickerel, perch, an' bull-head fishin' consists iv a pair iv pants an' a shirt iv some dark materyal, underwear, if convenient, although this is a matter iv personal taste, an' some kind iv hat. A silk hat, although tasty, is not advised. Th' adventurer shud provide himself with a coat collar an' necktie to guard again th' chill night air an' th' withering glances iv ladies in th' street-car.

"This much f'r th' costume. To protect wanself again th' finny monsther it is nicissary to provide wanself with a rod, some line, an' a hook, which, whin thrown into th' water an' violently raised an' lowered, prevints th' maddened craters f'r leapin' into th' boat an' atin' th' lunch. Th' line is attached to th' rod at th' end most remote f'r th' fisherman. At th' other end iv th' line is attached th' hook, which is in turn attached to th' forestry in th' bottom of th' lake, to th' side iv th' boat, to th' fisherman, or, in some rare instances, to th' fish. In case th' hook becomes hopelessly entangled in a fish, I do not know what advice to give. But this is an unusual occurrence, an' in th' rough life iv th' wilderness, it is not possible to provide again ivry emergency. Provisioning th' expedition is th' most seer'yous matter. I have found th' brand known as Boodweiser th' most nour-



"My wife says I have got to give up smoking, if I don't stop cutting tobacco all over her carpets."

"Then buy Meerschaum Cut Plug, sir. It's already cut for you—sliced just right to smoke evenly. And you can fill your pipe just as you want—no tobacco wasted—and none on the carpets. You'll like Meerschaum Cut Plug better than any other tobacco you have ever smoked. Try it on my recommendation."

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**MEERSCHAUM
CUT PLUG**
SOLD EVERYWHERE

IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth, and White At All Seasons	<p>"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"</p> <p>BEETHAM'S</p> <p><i>Sandals</i></p> <p>SOOTHING AND REFRESHING</p> <p>Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)</p> <p>SOLE MAKERS: M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England</p>	IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ROUGHNESS REDNESS IRRITATION ETC. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT
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ishing, but many men skilled in woodcraft prefer th' blander Pillsener. However individual taste inclines, th' beer shud be carried in glass bottles holdin' at laste a pint. Excellent sport is sometimes to be obtained durin' th' arly hours iv th' expedition by hurlin' th' empty bottles at switchmen, station-agents, an' th' other semi-savage fauna iv th' outskirts iv th' wilderness. This is a neat, though iv coarse not a serious test iv marksmanship. In practisin' it th' party shud be careful to larn that th' thrain intends to proceed an' is not goin' to stop at th' next switch."—American Magazine.

The Usual Multi-Preface.

ON THE TRAIN.—Glad to see you, old man. Lovely day? Yes; but don't say it out loud. Over our luck, you know, and we'll have rain sure. Feeling fit, are you? Lucky man. I feel like a smoked herring. I swear I didn't sleep three hours. Fierce market yesterday.

AT THE STATION.—Lord! Lord! there we go. Only one hackman here and his horse is black. Worst hoodoo in the world for me. My game's gone to smithereens, right now. Oh, come on: we may as well get in. I hope you won't break your neck or anything; but as for me I'm a goner. That black horse. Ugh!

AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.—Saunders, did you put a new shaft in my Auchterlonie driver? No, no; not that one; the Auchterlonie driver that I broke last Saturday. Oh, well, never mind. Come on, old man. I know I won't be able to get a single ball off the tee without that club. Doesn't matter, though. I've flubbed all my wooden shots lately.

IN THE LOCKER-ROOM.—Lester, where's my glove? No; not that new glove. I want my old, lucky, yellow, left glove; the glove I wore when I beat Mr. Mavis. Lost it? Lost it? Good heavens! I'd rather you'd lost my leg. Come on, old man. I'll do the best I can; but it'll be blamed bad.

AT THE FIRST TEE.—A screamer, did you say? Nonsense, that isn't my drive. Why, that's two hundred and fifty yards and dead on the flag. Must be a dandelion head, not my ball. You're sure? Bet me ten to one, will you? Oh, well, maybe you're right. You wait, though. You'll see me fall down, all right, all right.

IN THE FAIR GREEN.—Oh, let up, old boy. You don't pretend to tell me I reached the green with my brassie? You know perfectly well

that I can't drop a brassie shot dead at two hundred and thirty yards. Braid couldn't do it. Oh, very well. I'll take your word for it. But you'll see.

AT THE FIRST HOLE.—A three, eh? A three for little old me! Didn't do a thing but steal a thirty-foot put, what! Wonder what Moffat'll say when he hears of it? Too bad I can't keep it up. What—? Oh, no. I tell you this is not my day. You'll see. I'll take the balloon.

AT THE TENTH TEE.—Got a thirty-seven; yes. Right you are, old boy. You know the best Simpson ever did is thirty-five. But I'll tell you—I'm simply playing better than I know how. You'll see.

AT THE NINETEENTH HOLE.—There, you see! What did I tell you? I knew it would happen. Let's see. Out in thirty-seven. Home in four—three—five—three—m-m-m-m! Thirty-one for eight coming in. Then a ten on the last hole. Confound it! I knew I couldn't play a little bit to-day. I'm going to give up golf. There's a hoodoo on my trail.—Harper's Weekly.

Old Golf Professional.—Na, ye'll no mak' a good golfer—ye've begun over late and ye're over muckle pottle; but it's juist possible if ye practice hard, verra hard, for two-three years ye might —

Jones (expectantly).—Yes? Professional—Ye might begin to hae a glimmer that'll ye'll never ken the 'rdriments o' the game.—The Sketch.

Capt. Harry Graham writes some lively verse in The Observer on motoring. Here is the moral:

"O ye who walk the roads like slugs, No more impede your betters! Chauffeurs, desist from being Thugs! Kind hearts are more than sparking plugs."

And fact live, my bounding brothers, And recollect that "there are others!"

"You say you read every word of the advertisements in that magazine?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It's a relief to find something that isn't in dialect."—Washington Star.

She—I understand that drinking is one of your failings. He—You have been misinformed. It is one of my most pronounced successes.—Chicago Journal.

Editor—Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes, as I instructed? Reporter—I called on her, but she wouldn't talk. Editor—She wouldn't! Was she dead?—Puck.

THE CAREER OF A CAYUSE

A Story of the Canadian West

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

GEORGE was his last name. As the police reporter would say, he had many aliases. His chequered career had begun in the dim past when the Red man was a social and political factor in the face of agricultural settlement and the bison in tens of thousands migrated seasonably between the grass-covered valleys of the Saskatchewan and the Missouri. George was in those days in the vigor of his youth and he acquired a reputation as one of the best buffalo runners of his time—a reputation that had percolated in the eighties of last century down through the poplar smoke of the tepee fires of Blackfoot and Cree around which sat the degenerate hunters of other days.

George was a horse to be remembered. Whether his early training was due more to the great southern confederacy of the western plains than to its traditional enemies of the north, the Cree nation, no one would assume the responsibility of saying. The modern tendency is to excuse, not accuse, the fast disappearing Red man.

That George was a mustang, a cayuse, a native of the plains, no one who once knew him or gazed into the white of his cunning eyes, could for a moment doubt. He probably inherited as much of the Arab strain as the wild horse of America, the lineal descendant of the war horses of Cortez and Pizarro, who introduced man's best four-footed friend to this continent, generally does, but George, in the secretiveness of his nature, carefully concealed in his person and disposition any possible inkling of the proud fact. He was essentially Indian—an Indian pony. He looked when I knew him, a rather disjuncted, middle-aged cayuse, one without any suspicion of Arab blood.

It was in the incomprehensible plan of things that the last owner of George should be Jim McMunn. Mr. McMunn is now an inspector of ties for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company somewhere along the right-of-way between Winnipeg and Jackfish Bay. It will not, however, require a perusal of this veracious story for Mr. McMunn to recall George. Any time any untoward, unforeseen and overwhelming accident befalls Mr. McMunn, memories of George must come to him. If a jackpine falls upon him unexpectedly, if a side of one of the mountains on the north shore slides down on him, if he falls over a precipice, or an earthquake, or a cyclone, or any other phenomena strikes Mr. McMunn personally while he is in pursuit of his arduous duties it is safe betting that a vision of George, his personal mount on a trip to the Big Horn hills in the Rocky mountains in the year 1887 will loom upon the horizon of his memory. Mr. McMunn can never entirely forget how George played *Rosinante* to his Don Quixote in a run of six weeks, one night stands only, through the Big Horn circuit at the headwaters of the Saskatchewan.

How George loped out of the musty past from the Nez Percés to the Blood reserve, then from Blackfoot Crossing to the Battle river, then in payment of an old account to Clover Bar on the Saskatchewan, and finally into the possession of Jim McMunn as his saddle pony on an expedition made up of Mr. McMunn, Frank Chase, an Indian guide, his squaw wife, a papoose, three saddle ponies and six packhorses and another man, would be a long story. How he became the personal property of Jim McMunn may be put down to Mr. McMunn's fine sense of honor and to Fate. Jim, when contemplating the trip to the mountains in search of Big Horn sheep, grizzly bears, adventures and gold, had mentioned one evening that he wanted the necessary riding pony. A listener of "horse" tendencies and the necessary knowledge of human as well as horse nature attendant to success in the horse-selling line of business scoured the country for a couple of days and found George.

When the said George was produced before Mr. McMunn, the manner in which the former showed the whites of his eyes and turned down his ears and curled his lips over his yellow teeth did not throw Jim into a paroxysm of desire to hand over any considerable portion of his kin-dom for that particular horse. The fact that George nonchalantly and easily tickled his ear with his hind foot during the period of hesitation beget a certain feeling of wonder but not of purchasing desire on the part of Mr. McMunn. The vendor of George, however, remarked that he had searched for three days for a suitable horse merely to oblige, and

the horse was the finest buffalo runner of his day, etc.

McMunn then weakened and the passing of George advanced another stage.

The successful vendor gave two or three Blackfoot and Cree names which, literally translated, meant "Spirit of the Wind," "Lightning of the Storm," and "Antelope of the Plains" to choose from, but McMunn cast a reflective look at the emaciated and grotesque looking purchase and said quickly: "I guess I'll call him after you—George. It's a nice home-like family sort of name and it will be quite a change."

It was fully two weeks before George displayed those qualities which have made him a painful memory. It took him that time to thoroughly become acquainted with the situation, and then when seized of the fact that his rider, while a reasonably fair horseman, was distinctively a lumberman, a prospector and a man of reflection that at the tail-end of a day's journey was prone to absent-mindedness, George began to assert his individuality.

His relations with his four-footed comrades of the expedition were strained from the outset. In a week he was compelled to flock during the feeding hours, like Dunderberg's bird, by himself. He was large-jointed, big-boned and compactly built, and was so viciously aggressive in his differences with his kind that after he had left the marks of his teeth and hoofs on every cayuse of the bunch, the impression that he desired to play a lone hand on the trip was indelibly implanted on the equine mind.

During the second week George had apparently sized up his master, his horsemanship, his kindness and his absent-mindedness, and he proceeded to minister unto the mischievous devil that was in him. He would wait until Mr. McMunn, who was prone to obtruse calculations as to the amount of marketable timber there would be in a stretch of spruce forest, was deep in thought when he would glide quickly and unobtrusively under a strong-limbed jackpine and sweep his master over his tail and interfere with his arithmetic. When every other pony was saddled and packed for some specially early start we would invariably have to spend a precious hour or two hunting for George, who would be found lying down a few hundred yards away in some undreamt of hollow or concealed in an apparently impenetrable thicket.

"I'll be hanged if I didn't find him lying under a fallen tree two hundred yards away from the camp-fire," said Chase, furiously, after we had spent half the day scouring the broken country of the foothills, "and breathin' quiet so we couldn't hear him."

We put a bell on him, but the moment we fell asleep George would return from the wildwood and fight mosquitoes over the smouldering embers of the camp-fire with a clanging of the bell that was like a continuous fire alarm. We hobbled him and shifted camp a few hundred yards after sunset, but George, in his efforts to make us partakers of the music, would fall down precipices, get mired in the sloughs, and get his hobbled feet imprisoned in fallen trees and thereupon create such evident distressful music that we would spend half the night releasing him.

We endeavored to turn him into a pack-horse, McMunn taking a meek-eyed little pinto, but he had a trick of inflating himself when his pack was being cinched on that no matter how cruelly we tugged to tighten the diamond hitch before half an hour we were gathering scattered articles of his load along the trail.

There is quicksand in the Brazeau river, as the Grand Trunk Pacific surveyors have probably found in their explorations of the head waters of the Saskatchewan, but no other pony in the outfit could find where it lay. George had an unerring eye or scent or instinct for quicksands. As you approach the mountains in the untravelled North, and the foothills become more and more pronounced, the traveller has to take to the river bottom if he wishes to make satisfactory progress, and crossing and recrossing the mountain streams to sandbars and stretches, he wends his way onward and upward.

We would yank George out by the tail every day or two, while McMunn would spend his evenings drying his clothes and oiling his rifle, until one day George tried to drown him. George was aware by this time that Chase, the Indian, the squaw, and

even the papoose and the other man liked McMunn. Chase had given George a thrashing that morning for striking Pierre, our guide, a murderous blow with his forefoot while moving from one side to the other in his front to arrange his pack. To move in the rear of George at that time meant sudden death. Pierre had half dodged the kick and saved his life, but received a terrible gash on the side of the head that took Chase an hour and two feet of precious fish line to sew together. It was then determined that George should permanently be McMunn's saddle horse.

It was in the afternoon of a scorching hot day. The sun had melted the mountain snows so that the channel of the Brazeau was deep and swift. In the middle the horses had to swim.

George, with his devilish instinct, sought out, when the water came to his belly, the customary quicksand and proceeded to slowly sink. Jim, thinking that it was merely a balk, raised his spurred boots, extending them forward beyond George's shoulders to avoid getting them wet, for it was not yet apparent that swimming would be necessary. It was George's opportunity. Quickly swinging his head, the ring on the bit caught the large Mexican spur on Jim's heel and with the tension of George's head to regain its normal position, could not be released. The horse and man continued to slowly sink in the quicksand that in a few minutes would overwhelm them. With a rope about George's neck and the hauling opportunities afforded by a sweeping tail, two white men, an Indian and a young squaw pulled the pair out of the treacherous sand and the journey was delayed for an hour and a half while George felt as if he had got even.

Jim McMunn, at the beginning of that memorable trip was only an average horseman, as western men go. Before its conclusion he had performed feats that would have turned the professional, tights-clad, bespangled equestrians of the circus ring green with envy.

George's habit of descending a precipitous mountain was unique, if risky. Sure footed to a degree greater than any other of his sure footed race in the outfit, with the ability to walk two poles placed side by side over a deep cut mountain rivulet, he would not rely on his feet in the descent of a precipitous mountain side. He would simply squat back on his haunches, and with a snort that seemed to say: "Let her slide," he would shoot down the mountain side with his rider like a toboggan mid a cloud of gravel, dust and small timber. Jim tried once to cure George's summer tobogganing habit, but George contracted his body at the proper angle of descent so that the cinches loosened and rider and saddle slid over the head of the seemingly amused George.

In spite of all this we arrived at the mountains, had the requisite amount of sheep shooting and started on the return journey to Edmonton. We only took sufficient mountain mutton to help out the now depleted supply of bacon and flour. George disposed of the flour as a palatable article of diet by lying down in the river one day we recklessly converted him into a pack-horse, as Jim was getting a troubled look in his face and would waken us in his nightmare by roaring "George!" The question of getting rid of the bacon and mutton must have kept George awake at night, but he managed it all right.

He discovered that we tied it on the end of a pole, which we elevated before going to sleep, in order to keep it out of reach of roving wild things, big and little. George rubbed against the pole one night until it fell, and bacon and mutton were no longer our bill of fare. We then had to depend on the exceedingly precarious luck of travelling hunters who dare not take chances of delay. It would be a few squirrels one day, a partridge or two the next, and nothing the next, with varying luck until we grew thin and voracious, while George waxed fat as we grew inert and weak. It had come down to bed rock, as Chase remarked and looked hungrily at the bunch of ponies. "But we'll give them another day to see if the luck changes. I want to get those heads and pelts into Edmonton if I can. What's for supper to-night?"

I said a partridge, two squirrels and the last handful of flour for gravy.

"That's good," he said, smacking his lips.

Jim was cooking, and cooking under difficulties.

There are more black-flies, bull-dogs, mosquitoes, sand-flies and other flies at the headwaters of the Saskatchewan river than any other place on earth. There is no other place

(Continued on Page 19.)



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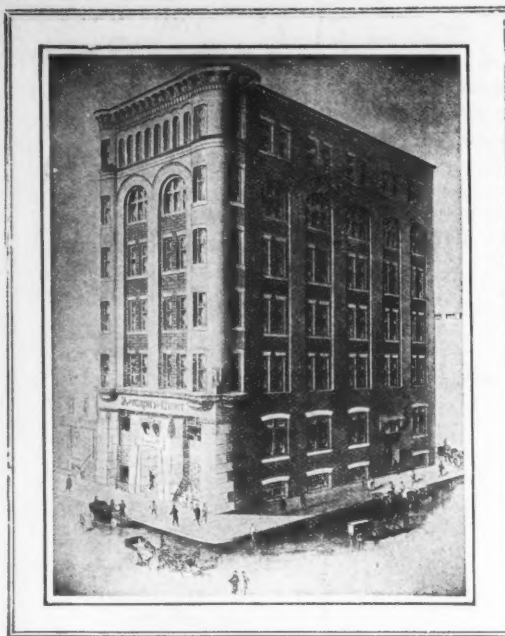
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

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!-? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE -?!

THE LIBERALS AND THE SENATE.

THERE is one charge made by Conservatives against the Laurier Administration under the head of "broken promises," which is hardly just. It is the allegation that the powers that be have failed to abolish the Senate. The fact is that in promising to do so while in Opposition, the Liberals, to use a vulgar idiom, "bit off more than they could chew." Once in power they found that time worked on their side and their own hierarchies became the strongest supporters of the old irresponsible happy-go-lucky body—the most illogical representative institution in western civilization, without even a historical tradition to justify its existence. But it cannot be charged against the Liberals that they did not try to get rid of it. In Canadian politics the people have short memories, and the conflicts of the years of 1897 and 1898, when Sir Mackenzie Bowell made an attempt to demonstrate that he was a power in the land, are already forgotten.

It will be remembered that the Laurier Administration entered into an agreement with Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann to build a railway into the Yukon territory. Whether it was a good scheme or not will perhaps never be known, for the Senate, under the leadership of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, killed it, and the Government was forced to pay damages for its breach of agreement.

To find itself blocked in an ordinary affair of business by a body of old gentlemen seated for life, with no duties toward anybody but their children and the corporations they happened to be directors of, was an irritating situation. Sir Wilfrid went about the work of reprisal in a roundabout way. At that time every Provincial Government in Canada, with the exception of the Northwest Territories, which were under non-party administration, was of Liberal color. Sir Wilfrid communicated with the various provincial premiers and induced them to introduce motions in the various Legislatures asking for the abolition of the Senate. In Ontario, Hon. A. S. Hardy, and in Nova Scotia, the Attorney-General, Hon. J. W. Longley, made particularly able speeches, and the Conservative Opposition naturally came to the defence of the grand old "has-beens." The remark that George Washington made to the effect that he established a Senate for the same reason that a man pours tea in his saucer, namely, to cool the tea, was worked overtime. All these petitions wound up with the resolution that they "be laid at the foot of the throne." Presumably they are still lying at the foot of the throne, and no doubt if on the next official house-cleaning of the Colonial office over in London, the authors of these resolutions, or their heirs and assigns, want them back, they may have them, provided they will take the trouble to look them up.

But while the Senate has not been abolished, it has been reformed from a Liberal standpoint, and only tries its withered gums nowadays on some humble back benchers' private legislation. The situation was sized up tersely by the late Dr. Landerkin, himself a senator:

"We Grits haven't reformed the Senate as we said we would!" said an old supporter to the doctor.

"Yes, we have," replied the merry doctor. "Aren't we in it?"

ESTIMATING CROWDS AT POLITICAL GATHERINGS.

WHENEVER election time comes round the same old variations occur in the estimates by political newspapers as to the number of persons present at political demonstrations. It is a thankless and difficult business to estimate the numbers of a throng, and minimum reports of attendance are generally apt to be the more reliable.

The difficulty lies in the absolute incapacity of the human eye to take in a mob in detail. Every good stage manager knows how to make forty people look like a hundred, simply by distributing them loosely, as a crowd distributes itself; and a mass of three thousand people may pass as five, ten, or fifteen thousand, according as

the imagination of the spectator may dictate. When one reads of crowds of twenty thousand in towns where the total population, including men, women, children, dogs and hackmen does not exceed five thousand, it is worth while making a calculation as to the number of passenger coaches required to bring in the outsiders, the number of engines required to haul them, and the square feet of space to contain them. A little common arithmetic will be found to have a very reducing effect when applied to the question. But for some reason or other political leaders like to deal in large figures, and a party newspaper is always expected to strain a point and indulge in a little harmless exaggeration that may influence the green voter.

One of those who thought the overestimation of a demonstration good politics, while he was in public life was Sir Charles Tupper.

Some years ago he attended a big political picnic at Hagersville, organized in behalf of Hon. Dr. Montague. He was flanked by a large body of prominent Conservatives and the attendance was possibly three thousand at the outside. Scattered among the trees of the sunlit grove, however, the mob might be any number that the politician cared to name. Coming back on the train Sir Charles sent for The Mail and Empire man, and, after outlining one or two points he wished dwelt upon in his speech, he said:

"How many people do you estimate were on the grounds?"

The reporter who had a pretty good working knowledge of Sir Charles, took a flyer which he thought might meet his expectations satisfactorily and said:

"Oh, I should say about eight thousand!"

"My dear young man," said the courtly old statesman, "I have been addressing meetings for nearly fifty years and I think I may claim to be fairly expert at estimating crowds. It is, I admit, a difficult matter, but I should say that at least ten thousand persons were present."

The reporter took his cue, and next day ten thousand was The Mail and Empire's estimate. The conversation was not at an end, however.

"Is that The Globe young man over there?" asked Sir Charles. On being answered in the affirmative he continued:

"Well, don't you think that it would be well if there was some similarity in your estimates? I suppose you reporters have some means of fixing up such things between yourselves. Bring him over. I should like to meet him; he looks like an intelligent young man."

The Globe reporter was introduced and Sir Charles, with that grave courtesy of which he is still a master, led up to his estimate.

"Is that The Tupperian exaggeration?" asked The Globe man when the reporters retired.

"I'm going to make it ten thousand, anyway," said his companion, and The Globe man, just to be a good fellow, made his estimate seven thousand. Sir Charles had attained his object.

IT WAS MOVED AND SECONDED.

M. R. W. L. MACKENZIE KING, the Liberal candidate in North Waterloo, has a national reputation as a peacemaker in disputes between capital and labor. His good offices in this respect have been repeatedly invoked all over Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and he has seldom failed in effecting a settlement between the disputants. His experiences would fill a goodly volume of interesting incidents. One of these occurred a few years ago at a great seaport in the Maritime Provinces, on the occasion of the strike of several hundred longshoremen, which tied up the shipping at the

port. The harbor was filled with sea-going steamships and vessels of all kinds waiting to have their great loads of goods and merchandise discharged, but this was impossible on account of the strike of the men who were relied on to do the work.

Mr. King was called in as a conciliator, and, after a number of conferences between the shipowners and the workmen, he arranged terms which he believed would be fair to both parties. Having done this he called the large committee of the strikers together for the purpose of explaining and submitting the terms. A member of the committee asked that a visiting delegate from the unions of another city should be allowed to be present. This was agreed to, and, after Mr. King had addressed the committee, the delegate got up and said that it was very evident that Mr. King had arranged a very good bargain for the companies and a very poor one for the men. Mr. King said that, if that was the opinion of the meeting, the negotiations had better come to an end there and then.

A member of the committee at once arose and said: "I move, Mr. Chairman, that we kick him out."

The motion was immediately seconded and carried: the door of the room, which was being carefully tyled, was opened, and the astonished delegate was seized by stalwart arms and literally thrown out of the room.

The spokesman of the committee then apologized to Mr. King for the unwarranted and rude insinuations of the visitor. The proceedings terminated harmoniously by the adoption of the terms recommended by the conciliator, and these having been accepted by the opposite parties, the strike, which threatened loss and disaster to all concerned, and especially to the business interests of the city and province, was terminated.

DEATH OF CANADA'S FOREMOST NEWSPAPER ARTIST.

M. R. HENRI JULIEN, the newspaper artist, who died suddenly in Montreal a few days ago, was in many respects a remarkable man. Nature endowed him with talent of a high order, and had not his whole life been practically devoted to the necessarily hurried and transient work of daily journalism, he would undoubtedly have left behind him many works of art that would have lived. As it was, he found time to do a number of pictures, both in oil and water-colors, illustrating the life of the French-Canadian habitant, whom he understood so thoroughly, and the picturesque side of whose life he was so competent to depict. In these pictures, unfortunately so few, with pencil and brush, he did for the habitant what the late Dr. Drummond did with his verses.

Perhaps it is not saying too much to claim for the late Mr. Julien the first place among the illustrators of daily newspapers on this continent. His work was true and correct, and he produced more than mere pictures with correct technique. His pictures illustrated the subject at hand, and made the pages they adorned glow with life and reality. The speed with which he did his work was the wonder of those who watched him, and the despair of those who attempted to be his imitators. The speaker in Parliament or at a banquet had not concluded his remarks before Mr. Julien had him sketched in all his characteristic attitudes, and the sketches were ready for the etcher. He was the first in North America to do this class of work for a daily newspaper, and to the day of his death, he remained the first, as regards the quality of his work.

He was born in Beauharnois County, Quebec, but his boyhood was spent in Ottawa. When but a youth he accompanied the expedition of the North-West Mounted Police, which in 1870, proceeded from old Fort Garry



MR. MACKENZIE KING.

LIBERAL CANDIDATE IN NORTH WATERLOO AND WHO, IF ELECTED IS TO BE A NEW CABINET MINISTER FROM ONTARIO.



AT THE RACES.
Mr. D. D. Mann and Col. Denison.

to the foot-hills of the Rockies for the purpose of taking formal possession of the Great West for the Dominion of Canada. That was the event of his life, to which he seemed to look back with the greatest pleasure—to meeting the Indians who were then wild and picturesque, to hunting the buffalo that then roamed the prairies in vast herds, and to living that free, out-door life of which he was so fond, and which he followed to the last, as far as his work would permit.

A more modest, retiring man than Mr. Julien never lived, but his genial manner and kindness of heart made him friends wherever he went. He was claimed as a confrere, both by the newspaper men and the artists, and it is many a year since the followers of the two crafts, but especially those of Montreal and Ottawa, have lost a fellow-worker, who left behind him so many mourning friends.

It is fortunate that one specimen of Julien's more deliberate work is the property of the nation. It is his painting, "Chasse Galerie," which won high praise at a recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Art Association, and was subsequently purchased for the National Gallery at Ottawa.

HENRI JULIEN'S INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION.

THE late Henri Julien was a man whose fame among those interested in matters of art extended far beyond the boundaries of this country. Delightful as was his fluent and harmonious treatment of line, there were those who could have wished that he had devoted his vast energies to a more serious and less ephemeral form of art.

That he was capable of doing so was demonstrated years ago in The Century Magazine when he undertook the illustration of a couple of French-Canadian legends written by the late Henri Beaugrand. One of these, an illustration of the old tale of the flying canoe that on starry winter nights flies with its crew of voyageurs over the forests and lakes of Quebec, was a work of peculiar beauty. The effect of mystery, the harmony of the composition, and the boldness of the pattern made it a picture that after more than fifteen years still lingers in the memory. Another picture of his, illustrating an old-fashioned habitant merry-making was also a little masterpiece in the easy, graceful grouping of a large number of figures. The individuality of the many types, and the vitality and movement of the whole, made it a perfect thing of its kind.

Mr. Julien's personality, as has been noted, was quiet and unobtrusive; indeed almost insignificant. One would never have guessed on meeting him that in his own chosen calling he had a reputation that was international. He was typically a French-Canadian in his love of home, which kept him among his own people, despite munificent offers to go elsewhere. The journal for which he did nearly all his work, and which was the pioneer on this continent of newspaper illustration, was The Montreal Star, the first newspaper to enter systematically on the business of illustration, and to regularly employ staff artists. In the death of Julien it unquestionably loses its best asset.

WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE.

TORONTO once had an economical alderman; at least he was economical in transacting his own private affairs. He had accumulated considerable wealth in spite of his honesty, and probably on account of his thrift, so he resided in a good residential district. The neighbors discussed him as an object lesson, teaching them how to become rich. He undoubtedly saved a good deal by not allowing light to be wasted, but the amiable neighbors accused him of allowing the mails many evenings out so that the family could sit in the kitchen. The following incident is vouched for by one of the most observant persons on the street:

The alderman engaged a hired man who was what is commonly known as an eye-server. He would not run the risk of over-working himself, and it was a common thing to see him standing against a tree and very methodically cleaning and filling his pipe. The alderman believed that it was his duty to society to train his employees to earn their wages, so he took the gardener in hand. The man was doing a little sodding when his employer suggested that he was rather slow. He offered to show how it should be done, and seizing the wheelbarrow almost ran to the pile of sods. He hastened back and seemed to be eager and interested in the completion of the task.

The man stood with his hands in his pockets and watched him as though highly edified. The alderman finished and turned to the watcher with a "How's that?" expression on his face. The gardener made his comment very slowly. He said: "Well, sir, but that's not the way I'm paid."

A reader in Texas has sent us a clipping from a local paper, containing a hint for use in local option sections of Canada. E. O. Dexter, of Okemah, Okla., has in his window a large live rattlesnake, with a card announcing that those desiring to have the snake bite them so that they may lawfully buy a quart of whisky from the dispensary, may do so on payment of twenty-five cents. He says that business so far is dull.

LETTERS 'OME

Being Fragments from the Correspondence of an Englishman in Canada.

DEAR SYD: The 'erces of the Olympic Games 'ave returned to their native soil, flushed with 'aving to answer questions about 'ow rotten they were. The trunk sewer, not being finished, they didn't enter Toronto that route, but they couldn't 'ave been quieter coming in, if they 'ad been Governor Chambers's wandering boys, to-night. Longboat, although 'e belongs to one of the first families in Canada, 'as gone back to the Reserve to set a few mink traps, again winter. 'Is education fund, amounting in round figures to £2, 3s., 'as been 'anded over to the 'udson Bay Company, in trust. 'Is manager 'as been trying to ingratiate 'imself with the Canadians by telling 'ow 'e swung on L'ongboat and knocked 'im down one day in Ireland. As 'is name is Flannigan 'e finds many to believe 'im.

Bobby Kerr, the little Englishman that did so well, considering 'ow long 'e'd been away from 'ome, was entitled to 'ave someone bungle a reception for 'im in Toronto, which was 'andsomely done. So, instead of being welcomed to our midst by the mayor, 'e was warned off the grass by the caretaker as 'e was closing up the City 'All for the night. 'Owever, when it was explained 'oo 'e was, and that 'e wasn't after the caretaker's job, the caretaker said 'e was pleased to see 'im, and that 'e would 'ave invited 'im 'ome to 'ave a bite of something, if it 'adn't been for 'is missis.

As you would gather from what I wrote you before, this wasn't 'ardly the sort of reception that 'ad been planned. I don't say the Canadians ain't good losers at bridge or cricket, which I 'ave never seen them play, but athletics, and particularly Marathons, is very different. At them they lose just about as easy as they would lose a couple of eye teeth apiece. The popular hidea 'ere was that the Olympic, being a h'nternational gathering, some events was fixed up especially for each country, the same as presents on a Christmas tree. On the Marathon package, everybody thought 'e could read the words "C-a-n-a-d-a, per T. L-o-n-g-b-o-a-t." Now we know the light must 'ave been something 'orrible.

The feeling was that the other countries 'ad entered in the race so that they would be in a good position to see Longboat run for the first few miles. This was 'artly approved as showing good sporting feeling. The foreman on the job used to say to me every little while that 'e was particularly glad to see Old England show up so gamely in the entries. 'E said that Canada would give the old land credit for it. Anyway, 'e said, we was all part of the same Hold Empire, and that the same flag waved o'er all. Real affecting 'e was. Even went so far as to say 'e 'oped the first man to finish be'ind the last Canadian would be an Englishman. 'F considered it probable, though sometimes 'e feared an American might slip in there, the gap being a tremendous one and extending for a mile. 'Owever, 'e told me not to take it to 'eart, for the way he figured it out, the English was bound to win quite a few events, anyway, mostly in the autumn or late at night. The next thing we 'eard was that Longboat 'ad quit at twenty miles with blood flowing from 'is ears. When I said to the foreman, "never mind, it'll soon stop," 'e took no notice beyond telling me I needn't come back to the job in the morning. Later in the afternoon a man going past told us a chap of the name of Dorando 'ad won. The foreman said there must be some horror in the name, the winner being Doran. 'E used to know 'im when 'e lived in Guelph. It wasn't till that night we found out the real 'ero was 'Ayes, and it wasn't till the next morning that some of the least enterprising of the papers 'ad traced the 'Ayes family back to a good old Canadian 'ome in East Gwillimbury thirty years ago. They also applied for extradition papers for Irons, Heffernon, Walker, and a few others. And that's one good thing about the Canadians, Syd, they don't 'ate the chaps that beat them. They adopt them. Your pal, GEORGE.

Some of the Campaign Orators.

THE Postmaster-General, the Minister of Agriculture, the Minister of Customs and the Solicitor-General have been touring the "Eastern Townships," hoping that they may, by eloquence and a display of urbanity, encourage the good people of that region to "vote right" in the approaching Dominion elections. "Bystander," a Montrealer, who writes a department of comment and criticism weekly for that good, old-fashioned and quite scholarly paper, The News, of St. John, Que., has this to say of these campaigning statesmen:

There is the Hon. Mr. Lemieux, for instance. He has youth and courage and the ready utterance of his race. He is disposed to be a little hyperbolic, but the years will make for calmness and accuracy, and at the same time dull him somewhat, as the years dull all of us. What splendid optimism, to be sure! Not a man for detail, you know, and, indeed, figures are said to be "damnable to a generous mind." Genius is large and comprehensive. It is only the huxter who bothers about details. A few splendid sweeps, a large generalization, so befitting the orator. Perhaps you would say a little grandiose; a little disposed to call the address an oration. Possibly a little stilted, you know, making a large sound with words. But, just the same, not a little captivating. So young and candid, and sure of life and destiny. No misgivings, you know; no questioning. Why should we ask questions when we are young and happy and conscious of a good digestion? And, too, the lofty position, the admiration of friends, the ear of the public, and the fine indifference to the change in the trousers pocket. You have to take care, of course, when you are dealing with the Town Pump, not to soar too high, for then you would have pathos and satirical laughter.

How delightfully debonair the Hon. Mr. Fisher is, too. Here is a man whose "bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne." Fresh in color, young in spirit, his ambition satisfied, healthy, easy in circumstances, not doubting his merits for a moment (which is the secret of success of an outward kind), well persuaded that he is one of the select group of men whose business it is to save the country—Mr. Fisher smiles his way through life, conscious of the notable part he plays, yet not vulgarly vain of it. He talks easily, too. The words come without trouble, like the unchecked current. You can always say that his speeches make pleasant reading. Mr. Fisher is perhaps not invariably profound. Some might say that easy eloquence was like the meandering of a trickling stream. No; he does not always say strong things. And yet it is no inconsiderable merit to be pleasant. And this can be said of Mr. Fisher—he has given character to the Ministry. Mr. Fisher is a gentleman. He is a man



SOME LADIES' COSTUMES AT THE WOODBINE RACES ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON LAST.

CARBONACEOUS THOUGHTS

By A. ANGEL

NOW that leaves are turning yellow and the fields begin to brown, There's a problem to be tackled that will never, never down;

'Tis a Cyclopean issue that as autumn comes around

Makes me think of mundane matters in a manner most profound.

For the frost will soon be coming and upon the window pane

It will tell in weird devices that the winter's here again,

And although 'tis but September, balmy, blithe and fair to see,

I must hie me to the cellar where the coal-bin waits for me.

'Tis a gaunt and grimy vacuum that looms large upon the sight,

Full of shadows, that the roving solar system couldn't fright;

Yawning wide, it frowns upon me, in its own malignant way,

To remind me (silly creature) that the summer's had its day.

With reluctance (to be candid) I accept its stern decree,

And attend my dealer's *exce* clothed in all humility.

Where we talk the matter over in a *sotto voce* tone,

Like a pair of plotters scheming for the Ruritania throne.

But at last the question's settled, the solution is below,

(It was quite a knotty problem as a lot of people know)

For I had to square the dealer, multiply it by the height

Of the coal-bin in the cellar ere I got the an-thracite.

Ottawa, September, '08.

of honor. No hint of wrong-doing has ever been associated with his name, either in private or public. This is much in an age of self-seeking, when the chief consideration is success, however attained.

As for Mr. Patterson, here is a man who never arouses enmity. He is geniality itself. He would not hurt your feelings for the world. He almost apologizes for being a partisan. He would not, perhaps, electrify you. He might, indeed, bore you when once he gets started. The matter is not pungent, and the voice has only a single tone, which becomes monotonous. The Hon. Mr. Bureau rattles away in the best of good humor. He is a capital "jollifier." Mr. Bureau has yet to prove his statesmanship, but he is a genial soul, and tells a good story. Everybody likes him; and although the country pays every year scores of thousands of dollars to lawyers for the doing of work which the Solicitor-General is supposed to do himself, nobody thinks the worse of him for helping out his friends.

These gentlemen have been going up and down the Eastern Townships making a good impression. To what extent their addresses will influence voters is another matter.

English View of the Canadian Harvest.

THE London Daily Mail says, editorially: The harvests on either side of the Atlantic have closely coincided this August. The carts are still busy on British stubbles, and into Winnipeg the first fruits of the plains of the great North-West have just come. Both in Canada and in Great Britain there is the assurance of a good yield. Last year's harvest brought to British farmers the first bout of prosperity they have enjoyed for years. The yield and quality of grain were good, beans and peas surpassed all records, and wheat rose an average of half-a-crown a quarter.

The prospect depends to a considerable extent on the country's general interest in agriculture, as comparison with Canada will indicate. Over there government is bending all its energies to help the farm-

ers, giving railway facilities and storing facilities, granting the produce, issuing information gratis from the model farms, in some cases advancing money. The whole country is agog with the business of harvest. All along the railways growing more and more congested with their riches, are miles and miles of grain-bearing tracts. To the progress and clearing of which the chief efforts of the great railways are directed. For months "hard Manitoba" wheat and maize will pour down these avenues of transit almost like grain down a mill shoot. The country, as the whole of its community is aware, stands or falls by its harvest.

It is not necessary to labor to contrast with that tame and, to many almost unregarded affair, the harvest in England. Of course, Great Britain is not a great corn-producing country. More than four-fifths of the flour we consume comes from foreign grain, and we spend the enormous sum of over 170,000,000 on foreign produce. But it is well to remember two things. Agriculture, on which Government spends a most meagre sum, and for which it rarely expresses even a languid interest, is still our greatest industry, and though we do not desire to compete with the great wheat-bearing areas, Great Britain could, if she wished, support herself.

Essex, alone, it has recently been computed, could under close cultivation feed half London; and there is no cause but national stupidity why Denmark should supply our butter, Vitry our vegetables, and Russia our eggs.

Harvest can never be to Great Britain the golden thing it is to Canada. Britain cut by trim hedgerows into a succession of little closes till it seems to the visitor just a land of pretty gardens, green paddocks, and quiet homes, can endure no comparison with the golden leagues that "confound the arithmetic of the explorer" in the great North-West.

WHY THERE MUST BE A WHITE CANADA

MR. H. J. MACKINDER, late Director of the London School of Economics, writes from Canada a very interesting and important letter to the London Times, which is really a plea for "a white Canada," and a warning against a possible conflict of races.

Mr. Mackinder says that "a paragraph has recently appeared in many Canadian newspapers in which sentences are quoted from certain English journals, notably The Statist and The Spectator. From The Statist are taken the following words:

"Canada, with a population about the size of London, occupying, or pretending to occupy, a territory nearly as big as Europe, takes upon itself to exclude Indian fellow-subjects, equal in number to the whole population of Europe. The Canadian people have no right to take up this attitude, except the right of mere brute force."

"My aim is humbly to remind British speakers and writers that their most sweeping and least guarded sentences are likely to be selected for the cable, and that they will be sent in all their nakedness into every corner of Canada under some such biting title as 'What London Thinks.' You cannot blame intelligent but busy Canadians if they do not always stay to question the representative character of opinions vouched for by British journals of serious and well-established fame.

"Sentiments such as those which I have quoted strike the average Canadian as both ignorant and unsympathetic. In an academic sense they may no doubt present an aspect of the truth, but ninety-

nine out of a hundred Canadians are in no mood for mere dialectic. Men who are busy with work not words, look to the temper and prejudice which underlie an utterance, for they seek its practical outcome. A young nation which is straining its very soul in the effort to command the material resources at its disposal, and is conscious of making giant strides in the task, is not likely to see either truth or sympathy in the statement that it is merely pretending to occupy its territory. Such a nation, when told in the same breath that it has no moral right to prevent itself from being overwhelmed by an inexhaustible stock of alien race and civilization, must not be blamed if it concludes that there is a wide angle between the points of view of the Mother Country and the Dominion.

"Canada has beside her an object-lesson to which she cannot be blind. The long-drawn tragedy of black and white in the great Republic is not near its end, though it cost four years of civil war. With her Western province, moreover, Canada faces the enigma of an awakening Asia. If there is one object of policy on which thinking Canadians are firmly united it is that of a white Canada. Mixture of races must result either in intermarriage, with physical and moral consequences which, to say the least, are deeply uncertain, or in a caste system fatal to democratic ideals. Brute force is no doubt a terrible arbiter, and the immorality of all war is an arguable thesis, but if force be ever justifiable it must surely be for the preservation of the very texture of social order, painfully woven during long history.

"British statesmen will have to reckon with this fact if the Empire is to be held together. Nor need they be involved thereby in insoluble difficulties with our Indian fellow-subjects. No one seeks to exclude the 'intellectuals' of any race or religion. For them let us have the most Imperial scope and hospitality, more sincere and better organized than they are to-day. The balance of advantage in the intercourse of educated and responsible, though differing, men will undoubtedly be for good. Such men have in their material circumstances and their mental equipment outworks which, in some degree at any rate, serve to protect their essential personalities. The vast majority, on the other hand, of every race, the manual workers, are not so conditioned. Narrow resources and dense population place them—and their wives and children—very much at the mercy of the average society around. Neither Japanese, nor Chinese, nor Indians would welcome into their venerable and civilized societies an inroad in mass of white workers, with habits and ideals good in themselves, but destructive of the very bases of Japanese, Chinese, and Indian moralities.

"Let the problem be faced with forethought, and the impending great conflict of races may be prevented. This, I venture to think, is the greatest, the most deeply moral task before the Imperial statesmanship of the United Kingdom. Perhaps we shall find our way to a policy of separate white and Indian colonies within the Empire. That is a suggestion which was lately supported by Mr. Churchill and others. There are, of course, difficulties in any policy that can be devised. One thing, however, is essential. The white nations of the Empire must be at some trouble to interpret themselves and their conditions to each other, and in these days of cables and newspapers, to prevent misinterpretation. I should not presume to write thus had I not of late been privileged to see my own countrymen through Canadian eyes."

Ancient Scone Palace.

ONE of the finest old Scottish residences is Scone Palace, near Perth, the ancient centre of the Pictish capital, former crowning place of the Kings of Scotland, and now the residence of the Earl of Mansfield, representative of the ancient family of Stormont.

Although the old abbey of Scone was destroyed several hundred years ago and the site is now occupied by a comparatively modern building, much of ancient association has been preserved and the palace is still a noble and venerable looking pile, its dull red castellated towers backed by luxuriant woods and facing over stretches of rolling green park, the meeting place of the Almond and Tay.

The great gallery at Scone, which is 160 feet long, occupies the place of the old hall where kings were crowned in days of yore, the coronation of Charles II. having taken place there in 1651, and that of the Chevalier St. George in "the Fifteen." Among the valued relics of the house are the old four-post bed used by James VI., and another with hangings of richly wrought velvet, said to have been the work of the fair but ill-fated Queen Mary during her imprisonment at Lochleven.

Even of late years (says The Queen) Scone has been honored by the visits of royalty, her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, having paid quite a long visit at the palace in 1842, the occasion of her first visit to Perth, and again after the death of the Prince Consort. The present Earl has done wonders for the palace in the way of introducing modern improvements, both within and without, and bringing the domestic arrangements up to date in every way.

A man who got back on Monday from the West says the Liberals will sweep that country. Another man who got back on Tuesday says the Conservatives will sweep the board out there. In politics a man can usually foresee what he wants to.

Counterfeit bills have been put in circulation at Ottawa. It will be pretty tough if bogus money gets into the hands of the honest electors.



CANADIAN BUILDING AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

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The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are: Mr. C. D. Massey and Mr. Robert W. Davies.

Lady Gay's Column

AMONG the many pleasant things we did this summer—one of the jolliest, if not the most interesting—was a motor tour through the Midlands, as the group of counties in the centre of England is locally designated. Interest of novelty and the unexpected was lacking in all save the mode of locomotion, for in the earlier cycling days one had learned the leafy ways of Warwickshire, groaned over the Cotswold Hills and slaked one's thirst at the awful tasting springs of Leamington Spa. It had seemed glorious to coast down along grades, when the cycle was the fastest independent way of getting about at the tourist's disposal, but since motoring came in we look back upon those cycling exploits as veritable leisure crawls. And the roads in the Midlands, which were so pleasant, dandling along on one's wheel, are ideal for rapid transit in the benzine buggy. We ran out of London with a certain amount of circumspection due to the traffic and the police traps further on. Now and then a man stepped out on the road with a small red badge, and our chauffeur touched his cap and the man touched his, and we were told he was employed by the Motorists' Association to warn the traveller that the police were on the watch hard by. It would be a smart policeman who caught our chauffeur, whose name is a by-word for foxy wisdom and superlative discretion here, as well as in the Midlands. Whizzing down a charming road, bordering a country residence, we saw a huge diamond-shaped red sign lung over the wall: "Please drive slowly here!" The motor slackened; we wondered who was ill, or what was the matter anyhow. At the other end of the property hung another huge sign. "Thank you!" was what it remarked, and we all allowed the joke was a good one. But how ashamed would one feel if, ignoring the polite request, one came on the grateful acknowledgment!

To keep the speed limit exacted by the police traps, and to make Leamington in time for a late dinner, when one has dawdled over the teacups in august company until after five, was a thing no one pretended was possible. So we rushed a while, then coming into a town or village, slowed down; rushed on again, and, seeing a friendly fellow with the red badge, went gingerly past him; one can't be too conscientious when one has a long run with a dinner cooling at the end thereof. Nothing happened to retard our flight, and, hungry, happy, and full of enthusiasm we arrived at Leamington, the Royal Spa, and were soon sluicing the dust off our faces and admiring the charming quarters our chauffeur had thoughtfully bespoken for us. Leamington is full of the past, one can easily fancy the Regent and his tail of toadies in the quaint rocky garden of the fine hotel. The guests, even, were distinctly different from the mob of American tourists one often sees in the beauty spots of England. The water, up! it isn't a good plan to hastily consume the bottled left at your bedside table, before reading the directions on the card. One certainly gets the full effect of certain valuable minerals, but it's a rude shock, which should have been diluted with plain water, as one subsequently is surprised to read; with Leamington and its luxurious hostelry as headquarters, we hurried the encircling counties. Off to Warwick, and over the Castle, to Guy's Cliff, prettier still; the old mill, the quaint little tea-garden, the long avenues of elms in which Warwickshire excels, the old hospital, with its curious, living and garrulous or dead and traditional, the sweet smell of the clover-fields, the soft bosky green of the clumps of woods, the stately homes hiding between their magnificent trees, charleot, warcot, every other cot, from a twenty foot square to a splendid castle, and, crack! a punctured tire, just when the only thing lacking was a pause to admire things.

Not much of a pause, though, with our chauffeur, for hardly had we lolled twenty seconds on the green bank, than his cry "All aboard!" started us up again. "Wasn't it a puncture?" I asked, as I climbed up beside him. "It certainly was. There's the tire hanging on the patient holder beside you. The other one, which was there when you got

out, is now on the machine, and I hope you realize that to change them has been a matter of seconds only!" A modest pride sat in his eye at my gaping wonder. "We have no twenty minute wait now, and all the scenery you'll enjoy during tire changing, you'll be able to carry very easily in your mind's eye." And with that he let her rip, and the dial hovered warily to 45! Coventry with its trim streets and its Peeping Tom, who peeks in effigy out of a garret window, as we whirl by; Lady Godiva, in Eden costume, and that never-to-be-forgotten carved chair, whereon the Arms of Coventry, Elephant and Castle, are to be seen with mirthful eyes. For in the days when Coventry adopted a Coat of Arms, there was no carver of wood handy who had ever seen an elephant, and it was up to the man who carved the city's new splendor to evolve the fearsome beast out of his imagination. That he was an unconscious humorist anyone who sees the result will heartily allow. It is quite beyond any word-painting of mine! Coventry to Stratford, and the usual pilgrimage to the homes of Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, and a little private squint of my own at the house of Marie Corelli, which is simply a cascade of flowers from eaves to doorstep. Every window brims with white and pink tumbling in riotous bloom; over the door is a small freshet of pink; around the steps are thickets and mounds of the white and pink, and the house stands flush with the narrow street, so one gets the full benefit of the flower show! Behind a high wall are the dove cotes and the soft green trees and lawn, and the shrewish, clever indomitable little old maid herself, lance couchant for any mere man who dares lift the voice of criticism. In spite of their genius, in spite of their work, I can never think of Marie Corelli and her natural born opponent, Hall Caine, without an instant vision of two yellow cats on a fence, with arched backs and furious mien, spitting and swearing joyously at one another. And their two homes, Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, snowy white and ivy green, and the Stratford house, brown and shiny with varnish and polish, and smothered in cataracts of white and pink flowers, seem the ideal abodes of sweetness and loveliness, and the peace that gentle and considerate ways and thoughts softly cherish. Over the Cotswold Hills lies Broadway, the name-source of the great white way of Gotham. And there we found an exquisite bit of English village life, an inn rich in quaint old carvings, great beams, wonderful platters and mugs, and excellent ginger beer! And there lives that good and lovely woman, Mary Novarro, the Mary Anderson of brief and beautiful stage fame, in a handsome grey stone house, fronting the broad village street, which is as appropriately called Broad, as its namesake in New York is the reverse. American tourists are infesting Broadway in motors, and a party of them careered out as we came in. Then our chauffeur, who had always a *bonne bouche* for us up his sleeve, meandered us into a *cul de sac*, where was nestled a gem of a little village, a brook, a bridge, a quaint, pretty church and allowed us a rare breathing spell of quiet enjoyment, to hang over the bridge, watch the sunset, and the water lilies closing pure petals, and the rooks cawing harshly as they circled about their sleeping places. I should love to tell you the name of this place, but like many another valuable detail, it is packed so far down in my memory that I can't get it at. Talking of the splendid roads in the Midlands reminds me of that story they tell one of the quarrel between the two old coach drivers in the good old coaching days, when each portly lehu vowed that he alone knew which was the very best bit of coaching road in all England. As each was a veteran of all-England experience, the crowd sided enthusiastically with one or other, and there was a good deal of noise until someone suggested that each whip should write on a slip of paper his favorite road, and a popular vote on the two be taken. When the slips were opened one read from Coventry to Stratford, and the other from Stratford to Coventry! Among the many lovely hours of the trip through the Midlands, not the least enjoyable were those spent in exploring Kenilworth, full of peace and romance. It shows what a sentimental old world this is, or what a master Sir Walter Scott was, that Kenilworth is the one ruin over which hangs a never fading halo which everyone adores! The time, the place and the girl filled us full of romance, and even when we stubbed toes on straw stones, or turned ankles on narrow steps, we remained a bit in the clouds! The one blot on our motorine 'scutcheon was the sacrilegious way we went through Oxford. Zip! and exquisite college

walks and Christ church meadows, and Martyrs' Memorial, and all the rest of the wise and beautiful things were left behind. The Bodleian Library whisked out of sight; Magdalen Tower was soon to follow, when I solemnly assured the chauffeur that if he didn't slow up passing that semi-sacred shrine, I'd jump out and acquire broken bones in protest. So we quitted Oxford in sedate going, however profanely we had dashed into it, but we had to make London that night, and five o'clock tea hour was long past! It was a great few days, the half whereof I haven't told you.

Correspondence Column

The above COUPON must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Vi-bro.—I hope you haven't grown tired of "looking anxiously." Your letter was quite a tonic, and business girls such as you should make very fine women. October 2 brings you under Libra, an air sign, and I think for you the scales seem to be balanced well. A balanced Libra is a rare gem, and such are sure to make their mark. Like many of them, you are loquacious and disinclined to be alone. You have great respect for position, power and family tradition, and while frank and unaffected, dislike familiarity and enjoy ceremonious ways. You are adaptable, discreet and very energetic. The letter was not too long. Write another.

Pauline.—February 14 brings you under Aquarius, an air sign, and capable of great development. You are at present only half way to maturity, careful, imaginative, fond of beauty and inclined to be artistic. The character is amiable and the sequence of thought good. A precise and rather restricted view of life is yours. There is much delicate and dainty femininity in your lines and though idealistic you are also quite practical.

Rose Blossom.—That's rather peculiar, to restrict the word handsome to the physical, and beautiful, to the emotional part of one's make-up. Did you evolve the idea yourself? You are independent, impulsive and courageous, careful of detail, very self-centered, thoughtful and fond of life's good things. Affection is a strong point in your character. You are not logical, nor very critical or analytical, rather hasty but often correct in conclusions. Discretion, caution and love of approbation are shown.

Poor Piebald.—July 16 brings you under Cancer, the Crab, a water sign and peculiarly uncertain and erratic. Your hand doesn't seem quite matured, but you need not fear criticism. The good traits are many and obvious. You don't lightly confide in anyone, have clear sequence of thought, practical method and plenty of common sense. I think it would be wise to wait a little for a thorough reading.

W. E. Tickie.—Twenty years? Gracious! I don't see what women are made of who can wait so long! Take Irish advice and something less than perfection. Five months and five days have already passed out of the twenty years. I don't believe you have waited even so long! July 9? Cancer, not at all a sign noted for constancy or patience.

The Royal City.—Please don't send any more of the girl's writing. Your explanation mixed me up so that I nearly had the jumps. Of course I forgive you; I've forgotten all about the matter.

Caramel.—For birthdate see answer to Morrison. You are evidently twins. There is a wide difference in your writing, however. You are the easy-going, luxury-loving fellow, the woman; he is the ardent, restless Leo man. I don't touch at your writing, it is quite delightfully harmonious, and meanders along easily without an angle to its name. You like power and your own way, however, and can do fine work, if you take the trouble. It is the writing of a person whose impulses and ideas might be wrong but never uninteresting.

Dilettant.—Let me give you a quotation in return. "Who would secure a delineation must not write on ruled paper." By-bv!

Morrison.—We all have 'em, dear lad. Even I, at times, find no faith in myself, and have grim forebod-

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ings, not very long or serious, for there is nothing can happen to us worth worrying about in advance, and very little in retrospect. August 13 is a good date, and you may take my word for it, will come out all right, if you only give it a fair chance. A fire sign is Leo, the king of beasts, and out of it come some of the noblest men. Worry and doubt

are not sins, they are hindrances, however, so shunt them! Your writing shows rather light will power and constancy, initiative and energy good, fond of exercise and sports, erratic in effort, but clear and long-headed in expression. You love approbation, value appearances, have good taste and natural ability. A fairly good Leo!



DIRECT from its long summer run at Wallack's Theatre in New York City, where it played to crowded houses during the hot weather, "The Gay Musician," the new comic opera by Julian Edwards, with book and lyrics by Edward Siedle and Charles J. Campbell, which is proving a sensation everywhere, will be presented at the Princess for the coming week.

The critics of New York praised "The Gay Musician," and its composer and author, dwelling on the fact that Julian Edwards had eclipsed his previous efforts, while Messrs. Siedle and Campbell were congratulated in giving to the stage a comic opera, consistent in its story, well-supplied with genuine comedy and absolutely free from the horse-play and vulgarity that has marked the "reviews" and "musical shows" of recent years.

Manager John P. Slocum in presenting "The Gay Musician," has spared no expense. His company numbers popular favorites, among whom may be mentioned Amelia Stone, Joseph C. Miron, the popular comedian; Templar Saxe, Lottie Kendall, Martha George, Haydn P. Clifford, Carroll McComas, William S. Gill, L. R. Lefferson, and others as well-known in the Thespian ranks. The chorus is said to be composed of young women, selected not only for their charms but who are also endowed with marked talents as singers and dancers. With a lavish surrounding scenic display and gorgeous costuming, "The Gay Musician" is likely to score a success here.

Beginning with Saturday's matinee the Imperial Opera Company at the Royal Alexandra will offer an excellent revival of the popular comic opera, "El Capitan."

The music of "El Capitan" is by the "march king," John Phillip Sousa, the book by Charles Klein. The plot is laid in Peru during the thrilling days of the seventeenth century, when Don Medigua was appointed viceroy of that country. Medigua, fearing the dangers of an excitable populace who would break into rebellion upon the most trivial excuse, remained in the background of political affairs, forcing his chamberlain, Senor Pozzo, to face the not too gentle council and appear in the eyes of all the fierce insurgents as Don Medigua himself. The most terrible fighter of the insurgents was El Capitan, who, unknown to all but Don Medigua, was dead and buried. The crafty viceroy, thinking to save himself during an insurgent raid, disguised himself as El Capitan and caused the arrest of his faithful chamberlain, and gagged him to prevent Pozzo from revealing his treachery. Numerous complications arise from the fact that Don Medigua's wife, her stepdaughter, and her betrothed believed the imprisoned man to be the viceroy and appealed to the fictitious and cowardly El Capitan for his release. The daughter of the insurgent chief further annoys the false El Capitan by thrusting her attention upon him, and her former lover in his jealousy adds to his terror and confusion, placing Don Medigua in many ludicrous situations. He is finally released from his dangerous position by the arrival of General Herbana at the head of a large Spanish force.

In the cast will be Hallen Mostyn as Don Errico Medigua, W. H. Pringle as Don Luiz Cazarro, Carl Haydn as Count Hernando Verrda, Clarence Harvey as Senor Pozzo, George Le Soir as Scaramba, Miss Carrie Reynolds as Estrella, Miss Elvia Crox as Princess Marghanza, and Miss Violet Colby as Isabel, Don Medigua's daughter. For the first time here Carl Haydn, the noted tenor, will appear in "El Capitan."

The bill at Shea's Theatre next week will include the latest New York craze, "The Love Waltz," introducing Audrey Maple and Alfred Kappeler and a company of thirty. Eva Williams and Jac Tucker, old favorites here, will present their original novelty, "Driftwood." The Zanettos, Caron & Herbert, Flint & Brooks, the Dixie Serenaders, and the Kinetograph complete the bill.

Wm. S. Clark's Jersey Lilies Extravaganza Company will entertain the patrons of the Gayety Theatre next week. The very name of the company bears a promise of liveliness, and quite prepares one for the promise that it is "positively one of

the most complete musical organizations extant." "The Airy Widow" is the title borne by the musical farce which constitutes the first part of the programme. The chief fun-maker in the farce is Leon Errol, German comedian. He is, we are assured, surrounded by "a bevy of beautiful girls, funny comedians and comediennees," including Fannie Vedder, Lillian Hoover, Al Rice and his six "Kun-ring Kids," and so on. There are to be sprightly dancers—ponies—and lots of music. On Friday night the amateurs, as usual, will display their abilities.

Maud Allan, the Canadian girl who has electrified London with her sensational dancing, still continues to figure largely, pictorially and otherwise, in the press of the British metropolis. Even Punch condescends to make a joke about her. Here it is:

Miss Maud Allan has written a book which will be published shortly by Messrs. Everett. It is entitled "My Life and Dancing," and it is rumored that the quaint conceit has occurred to the authoress of issuing the volume without a cover.

Two new members have been added to the Imperial Opera Company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. They are both well known in stage-land, and it will be interesting to the company's admirers here to be told something of their careers.

Carl Haydn, the noted romantic tenor, who makes his first appearance with the Imperials at next Saturday's matinee, in the role of Count Hernando in "El Capitan," will be an important addition to the company. He was born in Hietzig, a suburb of Vienna, Austria, twenty-nine years ago, and is said to be a lineal descendant

of "A Runaway Girl," "The Silver Slipper," etc. She was then engaged by Charles Frohman for a part in "Miss Hook of Holland," and it was on her showing in that production that she was engaged by the popular Toronto musical stock organization.

The Dickens Fellowship Lyceum course, of five numbers, to be given in Association Hall this season, will, it is promised, afford the people of Toronto an opportunity to hear some of the best platform talent of America. Dr. Wilbur L. Davidson, of Washington, D. C., will open the course on Tuesday, October 20, with his interesting illustrated lecture, "Tramps Through Switzerland." The other attractions on the course are: Prof. Paul M. Pearson, of Swarthmore College, Pa.; Frederick Warde, the eminent exponent of Shakespeare; H. Snowden Ward, of London, Eng., and R. G. Knowles, the humorous American traveller. Subscription forms for course tickets may be had at Nordheimer's, 15 King street east.

The new play "Pierre of the Plains," which has been the attraction at the Princess Theatre this week, is a stage version by Edgar Selwyn, a one-time resident of Toronto, of "Pierre and His People," by Sir Gilbert Parker. And, of course, in presenting it in a Canadian city, the management very naturally announced it to be "a Canadian play, by a Canadian author, with a Canadian in its leading role." As a matter of fact this play, instead of exuding any Canadian flavor, has only helped to remind us, and remind us emphatically, that no such thing as Canadian drama exists.



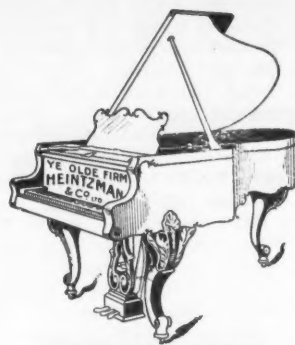
AMELIA STONE, TEMPLAR SAXE AND LOTTIE KENDALL
In Julian Edwards' new comic opera, "The Gay Musician," coming to the Princess Theatre next week.

of a brother of Frantz Joseph Haydn, the celebrated German composer. He studied with eminent masters in Europe and with Louis Howard Croxson, of New York, and to the latter Mr. Haydn gives credit for much of his facility and easy method of singing, which has enabled him to appear in arduous grand opera roles night after night without an alternate tenor to relieve him. Mr. Haydn was selected by Henry W. Savage to sing originally the role of Camille de Jolldion in the Chicago "Merry Widow" company. He also toured Europe in concert with Patti and the Strauss Orchestra, and sang in concert with Calve on her last American tour.

Miss Carrie Reynolds, who opened her engagement with the Imperials as Lucille in "The Circus Girl" last Saturday, is a bright, pretty little soubrette, who has won considerable popularity in New York. Miss Reynolds was especially successful in the role of Bonita in "Arizona." She has gracefully filled soubrette parts in a number of good companies, and played in "Lady Teazle" with Lillian Russell. She also followed Edna May, as the star of "The School Girl," touring successfully for a year. Later Miss Reynolds appeared with John C. Fisher's musical comedy organization, playing "San Toy," "Flor-

Our drama is made for us abroad—in New York. We get what the theatrical managers of the American metropolis send us. Such discrimination as they bring to bear upon dramatic production is a box-office discrimination. Even English plays which they produce are given a Yankee Doodle flavor, often at the sacrifice of all their light and charm, because that is the flavor that is relished beyond all things artistic in the big country over the way. This is a very natural state of affairs, and in Canada we have to be philosophical about it. Some day when our cities grow great and numerous—perhaps about the time when the dream of a Canadian navy and a few others of that kind grow into realities—we may have a Canadian drama. In the meantime we do not think much about our lack of a native drama, but we are reminded of it when a play professes Canadian, but not recognizable as such, comes along.

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So whit so pure so perly like
Aint quit such plesent things.
Ive notised them on granite slabs
Ive seen em az tha fly
I never saw one crak a smile
I wonder if tha tri?
Upon the windos in a church
Ive watched em bi the our
Their wings is folded maybee tha
Are full of heavenly power
Tha always hav thare halos on
Tha never tak em off
I wonder what wud happen if
One ever tried to kough
Somehow thos angels seem to mee
To bee wel i dont kno
Too good for eny ertly use
I gess tha'r kinder slo
Uv course tha hev to bee that way
Fen dubs! tha aint to touch!
But as for mee, i aint so stuk
On livin with em. much!
—T. L. M., in Life.

An old Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of a New York artist, and asked for money to obtain a meal, as he was too weak to work.
The artist gave him a quarter and then, seeing possibilities for a sketch in the queer old fellow, said: "I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me paint you."
"Sure," said the man, "it's an easy way to make a dollar, but, but—I'm wonderin' how I'd get it off."

From a letter in the New York Times we get a long desired definition of a lady. Here it is:
"At a heavy transfer point on Sixth avenue, few seats being vacant on a Twenty-third street car, a youth darted under the arm of a stout woman and plumped himself down in the seat she was about to occupy. Glaring, she hurled at him: 'If I wasn't such a perfect lady I'd swat you one on the mouth.' Another young man arose, raised his hat, and bowed her to sit down. When seated she beamed upon him

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ANOTHER master-violinist has passed away. According to a cablegram to the New York Sun, from Paris, Sarasate died at Biarritz on Tuesday. The news of his death will take the musical world by surprise, as he was not what would be considered in these days a very old man, his birth year having been 1844. Joachim, who died last year, was born in 1831. Sarasate could never be placed in the same class with Joachim, although that mistake has been made in the cable despatch. Joachim was a grand classic player of masculine style and tone. Sarasate charmed his hearers by his grace of style, his romantic interpretation and his delicious feminine tone. Bach and Beethoven were, in a measure, out of his school; whereas Joachim was an ideal interpreter of these composers. Sarasate was in Toronto, within my memory, on two occasions; once with D'Albert, the pianist. Both in Toronto and Montreal he was idolized by lovers of the violin and its music. During his artistic career, Sarasate received honors and decorations by the score. He received the Grand Cross of Isabel la Catolica of Spain from Her Majesty The Queen Regent, Dona Maria Christina, and this order gave him the title of Excellency. In France he was officer of the Legion of Honor. He had a winning personality and in that respect offered a remarkable contrast to his colleague at the first Toronto concert, Eugen D'Albert. We may not look upon his like again.

Among the notable personages who will accompany the Sheffield Choir to Canada are: Mr. Lytleton, head of the great music house of Novello and Co.; Mr. Curwen, editor of the Musical Herald; Mr. W. H. Breare, editor and proprietor of the Harrogate Herald; and author of several works on singing, and a number of Yorkshire manufacturers.

The New York Symphony Orchestra will probably play Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony at the concerts of the National Chorus.

Good manners are strictly enforced in the opera houses of Germany. Not only is no talking or whispering allowed, but late-comers must wait till the first act is over before they are permitted to take their seats, though the act may last an hour. "Rheingold" lasts two hours and a half without an intermission, and if anyone comes after the orchestra has begun, he misses the whole performance. This is as it should be in a civilized community. Opera is an expensive luxury to most music-lovers, and those who scrape together the sum necessary for a seat once in a long

while have reason to resent bitterly the rude carelessness of those who, by entering the auditorium after the music has begun, are likely to spoil some choice passages. In "Rheingold" it is particularly important that no one should be permitted to enter after the conductor has rapped for silence. The opening scene is marvellously impressive. It is thus described in "Wagner and His Works": "When the curtain is first parted, nothing definite is seen on the darkened stage and the music is equally indefinite—a bass note, deep as the Rhine, on which the constituent tones of the chord of A flat major undulate up and down on the different instruments for 135 bars—monotonous as the flow of the water, yet slowly gaining in volume as the rising sun's light gradually increases, and the movement of the swimming maidens is felt in the water." Wagner's directions are that the music should begin almost inaudibly, symbolizing the creation of a world out of nothing. Now, imagine a refined person's enjoyment of such an exquisitely poetic scene marred every moment by a group of persons following an usher down the aisle, talking loudly, or crowding past him to their seats; is it not maddening, outrageous, abominable, unspeakably ill-mannered?

Paderewski will arrive in America in January next, and will make all told about thirty appearances, about half of which will be with orchestras. He will play seven or eight times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the only orchestra with which he will play in the East. He will play, also, with the Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul orchestras, and probably with others. He will give not more than one recital in each of the cities he visits, and his tour will be confined to the larger cities east of the Mississippi. He will bring with him his symphony, of which so much is expected. It was promised for two years ago, but was not finished. The last work has been done upon it, and according to an agreement of long standing it will have its first production anywhere, in Boston by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Open-air performances have been given of "As You Like It," and in France they have an unroofed theatre, where operatic performances are produced in summer. Now comes an English musician, Ernest Newlandsmith, who suggests that indoor concerts should be abolished altogether. He himself, though fond of music, confesses that he hardly ever attends a concert that does not become tedious before the end; and he does not wonder that the average man keeps away altogether from the concert halls, with their overheated atmos-

phere, rows of uncomfortable chairs, and set and formal programmes. What he wants is a return to the mediæval conditions, where the minstrel wandered about in the open air, and found his audiences where he could. Here there was no need of bridging the gulf which in a concert hall exists between the audience and artist. Mr. Newlandsmith says that he himself has "played amid a sea of faces transfixed and motionless, his music blending with the murmuring of the wind in the trees or the lap of the waves on the seashore. The listeners were absorbed in the beauty of the work, and hung upon every note as his bow swept the strings."

The regular practices of the Toronto Oratorio Society—Mr. J. M. Sherlock, conductor—will be held during the season each Tuesday evening, beginning on Tuesday, the 29th inst. As already announced the oratorio to be taken up is the "Creation," which will be the work to be performed at the public concert to be held, as usual on the last Thursday in January. A Handel work will also be studied, probably "Joshua" or "Israel in Egypt." Singers wishing to join the chorus should apply to the conductor at his studio, rooms 5, 15 King street east.

As a teacher of the elocutionary art Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts achieved remarkable success with her pupils, numbering among them, Margaret Anglin, who is winning fresh laurels at present in Australia; the late Franklyn Mc Lay, Grenville Kleiser and many others. After October 1 Mrs. Roberts will resume teaching at her residence, 108 Admiral road.

Miss Edith Worden, L.R.A.M., a member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians of London, England, has taken up her residence in Toronto, at 492 Euclid avenue. Miss Worden has studied under some of the best masters of England, and comes highly recommended as a teacher of pianoforte and harmony, having obtained honor certificates in both subjects. Miss Worden is a teacher of the Tobias Matthay System, the greatest technical authority of the Old World, and for a number of years has devoted her time to the preparing of pupils for examinations, in which she has been most successful, and intends continuing her profession in Toronto, taking a limited number of advanced students for private instruction.

Miss Carolyn Beacock, pupil of Marie C. Strong, who has been absent from the city for some time, has recently returned to Toronto, to accept the position of soprano soloist of the Carlton street Methodist church choir. Miss Beacock's singing in the Eastern towns and cities has won for her a flattering recognition on the concert platform.

Mrs. de Tauffe Lauder's latest song, "Alone," just published, is a worthy successor to her two other songs published last year. The words are taken from an "ode," a poem of considerable length, written and dedicated by her to her late Majesty Queen Victoria on her 80th birthday, in recognition of which the author received a letter from Sir Arthur Bigge, who was the Queen's private secretary at the time, expressing Her Majesty's sincere thanks and kindly accepting the manuscript. The excerpt taken from this work has been well set to music by Mr. Arthur Uvedale, whose musical setting impresses one with a realistic picture of the poem.

Clara Butt had a funeral experience on her recent concert trip in Australia. It occurred at a small town in New Zealand. "We found waiting for us at the station," she relates in the Musical Home Journal, "the local carriage and pair, with the local undertaker as footman. He was garbed in the usual funeral suit of black, but he had substituted a white tie, in order to relieve the situation somewhat, and, evidently with a desire to dispel any morbid impressions, he commenced to whistle a selection of the most cheerful tunes he knew while he held the door open for us and helped us into the carriage."

Mr. W. F. Pickard will give a recital on the new organ recently installed in the Walmer road Baptist church this Saturday afternoon, Sept. 26, at 4.15 o'clock. Vocal assistance will be given by the Canada Male Quartette, who will sing "If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow," and "Lead, Kindly Light," by Dudley Buck.

"I hear you are going to take your family to Europe." "Thinking some of it." "How will you go?" "By balloon." "But that isn't practical." "It will be by the time we get ready."—Nashville American.

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Of the Gloucester fleet at sea,
Of the great North's silent forests
And the baking Florida key.

Give us the railroad's rumble.
The hiss of the forging steam,
The shops by day and the mills by night,
And the trolley's tortured scream.

There you will find your heroes,
There till the world shall end;
The man who works for his children,
And the man who dies for his friend.

There does the prize await you,
And not on the distant star,
For the song that shall last forever
Is the song of the things that are!

—Saturday Evening Post.

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A CONDUCTOR sent a new brakeman to put some tramps off a train; they were riding in a box-car. The brakeman dropped in to the car and said:

"Where are you fellows going?"

"To Atchison."

"Well, you can't go to Atchison on this train, so get off."

"You get," came the reply, and, as the new brakeman was looking into the business end of a gun, he took the advice given him, and "got."

He went back to the caboose, and the conductor asked him if he had put the fellows off. "No," he answered. "I did not have the heart to put them off. They want to go to Atchison, and, besides, they are old schoolmates of mine."

The conductor used some strong language, and then said he would put them off himself. He went over to the car and met with the same experience as the brakeman. When he got back to the caboose, the brakeman said:

"Well, did you put them off?"

"Naw, they're schoolmates of mine, too."

STEADINESS is a virtue, but it can be carried too far.

"Mrs. Madden," a gentleman once said to an old Irishwoman in his town, "your neighbor, Herbert Bissling, has applied to me for work. Is he steady?"

Mrs. Madden threw up her hands. "Steady, is it?" she said. "Sure, if he was any steadier he'd be dead."

A CERTAIN comedian once went out with a fishing party and soon began to suffer from thirst and evident failure with the hook. Finally one of the crowd took pity on the sufferer and fastened a bottle of beer to his fishing line while he was on a voyage of exploration.

When the actor returned he found his line rather heavy and started to haul in what he thought was the biggest fish of the day. Glee over his changed luck, he shouted to the captain:

"Hey, captain, this is the place. Anchor right here; we're sailing over a brewery!"

VERY few persons know that Secretary Taft has written poetry. Most people have an idea that a poet is a lean, long-haired creature, who looks as if he had lost his last friend. The genial Republican nominee appears too well fed to be a rider of the steed Pegasus. But—

Once, before the world had heard about Mr. Taft, he made a visit to the home of a favorite aunt in Iowa, who knew not of his courtship of the muse. When he had told his beloved relative "how all the folks were" and answered her one hundred and one questions, and dined with especial attention to the fatted calf, he proudly took from his pocket a couple of clippings from the newspaper which had printed his "soul songs." He admits the verses were clever.

The aunt of the future great statesman read them diligently.

"Will," she asked, simply, "do they print those things for nothing if you send them in?"

AT one of the posts of the British army where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged, and to see that he joined the party told off for that particular form of worship.

Some of the men had no liking for church, and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of experience. "Ah, weel," said he, "then ye hae no need to keep holy the Sabbath, and the stables hae na been claned out lately."

And he ordered them to clean out the stables.

This occupied practically the whole day, and the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon's leave.

Next Sunday a broad smile crept over the face of the sergeant when he heard that the atheists had joined the Church of England.

DEAN RAMSAY once told of a young Englishman who had taken a Scottish shooting, and thought himself quite nationalized. Next year he met a genuine Scot of the old school at a German watering-place, and proceeded to pose as one himself, talking of Scotland and haggis and sheep's head and whisky, boasting of Bannockburn, professing devotion to Queen Mary and extolling Scott and Burns over all English writers.

On taking leave of his friend he said: "Well, sir, next time we meet, I hope you will receive me as a real countryman."

"Weel," said the other, "I'm jest thinkin', my lad, ye're nae Scot, but I'll tell ye what ye are—ye're jest an impruved Englishman."

A TRAVELLER, who put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, had, before retiring, left explicit instructions to be called for an early train. He was very much in earnest about the matter, and threatened the clerk with all manner of punishment if that duty was neglected.

Early in the morning the guest was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well!" he demanded sleepily.

"I've got an important message for you," replied the boy.

The guest was up in an instant, opened the door, and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore open the envelope hastily, and found inside a slip of paper, on which was written in large letters:

"Why don't you get up?"

He got up.

MOST specimens of pulpit humor betray confusion of terms merely, but sometimes there is purpose under them. One clergyman, who is often quoted, was announcing a communion service for the following Sunday, with confirmation in the evening, and he put it:

"The Lord will be with us in the forenoon, and the bishop in the evening."

At another time, when his congregation had tried hard but without success to raise by contribution a sum of money to meet the interest charges on the usual mortgage, he announced:

"I need not say here how much this church stands in need of immediate funds. We have tried to obtain this in the customary way and have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar will do." One more *faux pas* came in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity:

"Many a good woman comes in God's house to show off (perhaps she doesn't quite realize it, but the fact is unchanged)—to show off her best clothes."

Then he glanced across the crowded pews and added: "I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you come here for so unworthy a reason."

A NUMBER of jockeys and horses had lined up for the start of a steeplechase, but a delay occurred because a tall raw-boned beast obstinately refused to yield to the importunities of the starter. The patience of that worthy was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted; "bring him up! You'll get into trouble pretty soon if you don't!"

The rider of the stupid animal, a youthful Irishman, yelled back: "I can't help it! This here's been a cab horse, and he won't start till the door shuts, an' I ain't got no door!"

THE young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked around to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain of that now; but for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell-push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

THE pious old lady, who returning from a visit to the Zoo, announced that she "always did enjoy a visit to the Theological Gardens," and the servant, who, describing her master's last illness, explained that the "doctors held a consolation and found that it was something eternal," have found a recent equal in the lady who observed that when she was in Italy she "saw so many people in the garb of monks with tonsils on their heads."

ACCORDING to all accounts, the arrival of the Cameron Highlanders in Pekin to replace the Middlesex regiment as legation guards created something of a sensation among the inhabitants. The kilt is a source of great wonderment. The China Times asserts that the natives are hard at work trying to assimilate the Scotch language. They are reported as already making favorable progress. Instead of their favorite expression, "Me no savvy," they now employ "I dinna ken," and they greet the foreigner with "Guid mornin'!" with an excellent Auchtermuchty accent.

It is added that some Chinese compradors, who are men of inquisitive turn of mind, want to know "What for new soldier man catchee clothes allee same missis?" which recalls the story of the Russian Crimean veteran who declared that the best fighters in the British army were the women!

THE girl had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family; but her time had been by no means wasted. Her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner.

"Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "will you 'ave 'em in their jackets or in the nood?"

A NEIGHBOR called to sympathize with the old Scotch woman whose husband had been carried to the churchyard the day before. He found her eating porridge, with a good appetite. She looked up and saw him standing uncertain in the doorway.

"Ye'll be wunnerin' I'm nae greetin'," (crying), she remarked, going on with her meal, "but I hev been greetin', and I'm gaun to greet again as soon's I've suppit this drappie o' milk parritch."

A PATHETIC story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman. Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said:

"Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered, but the child answered, "Yes, papa, if you wish." The child was strangely silent during the drive and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness.

The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent, they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief, and asked:

"Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what, to him, had evidently been a summons to leave the world.

AN American woman, who recently returned from a trip to Europe, says wet weather hasn't bothered the States at all in comparison with what she saw abroad. She says that they ran into a town named Venice, where the water covered every street and you couldn't get anywhere except in boats. She added:

"You bet we only stayed one day in that slosh."

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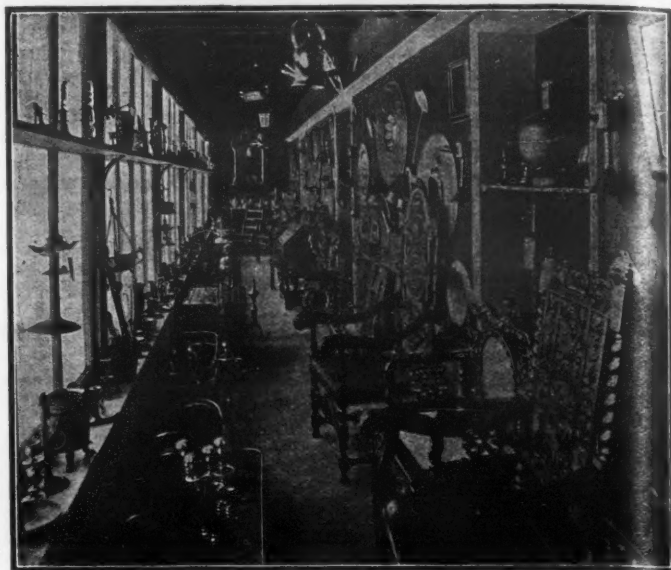
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Edith Margaret Sweatman, elder daughter of His Grace The Archbishop and Mrs. Sweatman, and Mr. John Lowe Walton, assistant manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Kingston, Ontario, was celebrated in St. Alban's Cathedral on Monday afternoon, September 21, at three o'clock, in the presence of a large party of guests, the church being filled to overflowing, when the Archbishop, preceded by the two other clergy assisting in the ceremony, Rev. Canon MacNab and Rev. J. D. Fotheringham, came from the vestry to his place, and the joyous strains of the bridal chorus heralded the coming of the bride and her attendants. The flowers of September, asters and clematis, were used in decorating the altar and wreathing the desks and pulpit, and graceful garlands of green, with forests of palms, finished the extra beauty of the always beautiful interior. The bride was brought in by her brother, Mr. Stanley Sweatman, who gave her away, and very lovely she looked in an ivory lace robe over white silk, with tulle veil and chaplet of orange blossoms, carefully guarded since the wedding of Mrs. Sweatman to the marriage day of her first daughter. Many friends remarked that they had never seen a bride whose robe and veil became her so well as the slim, graceful bride of last Monday. A shower of roses and lilies composed the bridal bouquet, and a "keeper" ring of sapphires and diamonds, the groom's gift, was the bride's only jewel. Three charming maids were her attendants, Miss Gladys Sweatman, Miss Muriel Smellie, and Miss Mary Barrett of Prince Edward Island, whose dark eyes and extremely attractive personality were greatly admired. Miss Gladys Sweatman was maid of honor to her sister, and all three were dressed in turquoise *ninon de soie* over pale blue satin, with panels of handsome white lace, and pale blue wide-brimmed hats with wreaths of large pink roses and foliage. The gowns were particularly smart and becoming, and the flowers carried were sheaves of palest pink carnations sashed with pink ribbons. Mr. John Sweatman was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Charles Sweatman, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Temple and Mr. Ward of Kingston. While the register was being signed, Miss Brenda Smellie sang "O Perfect Love," and Mr. Coombs played all the bridal music. His Grace The Archbishop and Mrs. Sweatman held a reception at the See House after the ceremony, when hundreds of guests congratulated the bride and groom, and enjoyed a dainty *dejeuner* arranged in a marquee on the lawn. The wedding gifts were arranged in the dining room, and included much handsome silver, with the countless handsome presents one sees at the weddings of to-day, so many and varied that there seems nothing forgotten. A carved chest from the Ladies' Guild of St. Alban's was a gift accompanied by many hearty good wishes. Although many well-known persons are still away from town, deterred by the heat and water famine from returning as usual, there were scores of friends gathered at the See House. A few of the guests were Lady Clark, Miss Elise Clark, Captain Young, who then was on duty for the last time in attendance on Lady Clark, Bishop and Mrs. Reeve, Canon Welch, Canon Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Miss Chadwick, Mrs. Strath, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Joan Arnoldi, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, the Wises Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. Cambie, Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. George Chadwick, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Miss Sinclair, Mrs. James Robertson, Mr. Ford Robertson, Mrs. Charles Fuller, Mrs. D'Espard, Mrs. Robert Gay, Mr. and Miss Yarker, Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Dr. and Mrs. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Miss Cross, Mr. David Kemp, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Miss Playter, Mrs. McClung, Mrs. Leigh Hammond, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Warren, Miss Jessie Johnston, Miss Hilda Reid, Miss Maud Boyd, Miss Mabel Lennox, Miss Lena Coady, Mrs. MacNab, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Rudolf Rosa, Mrs. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, and a very large number of others. Mr. and Mrs. Walton left by the afternoon train for their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a dark blue suit and pretty hat, both being well powdered with confetti by the ranks of laughing guests forming an avenue from door to curb as the bride and groom hurried away. The sun, which has been so coy behind the smoke of bush fires, shone out bravely on this wedding, and promised happy days and many of them to the young couple. They will reside in Kingston.

Dr. and Mrs. Silva Jones of England have spent a few days in town, stopping at the King Edward, and sailed for England yesterday by the Parisian. During their stay they have been entertained by various friends, and visited the Lambton Golf Club, the Woodbine and Niagara Falls. Both the visitors declare themselves delighted with Toronto.

Mrs. Collingwood McLeod and Miss Rosamund Boulbee sailed by the Parisian for England yesterday.

Among the welcome visitors to the races and Toronto this week are: Sir Thomas and Miss Alice Shaughnessy, Lady Allan, Mr. and Mrs. George Allan, Lady Dorothy Smiley, Mrs. Carmen, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Clive Pringle, Miss Hendrie, of Holmstead; Mrs. Rudolf Rosa, of Niagara Falls; Miss Hees, of Philadelphia; Mr. Hendrie and Miss Enid Hendrie, of Detroit; Miss Milne, of London, England, and Mr. Douglas, who is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Boulbee, of Eglinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of Culloden, and their neighbor, Mr. Irving Cameron, returned from England this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and Miss Heintzman have returned from Europe.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney, of Rohallion, have been tempted by the extraordinary warm weather to prolong their stay in the country. I believe they return to town this week.

The visit of the French delegates to the Anti-Tuberculosis Convention, in Washington, brought them to Toronto en route last week, and there were various doings in their honor while the brief visit lasted. On Friday afternoon a reception was given at No. 9 Queen's Park, for the French doctors and their wives, which was almost an *al fresco* entertainment, owing to the tropical weather. Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Aikins received and the medical men of Toronto did their prettiest in the matter

of entertaining. Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. Price Brown, Mrs. McPhedran, and other amiable women ably assisting their lords, and making the visitors feel the sincerity of their welcome. Mrs. Aikins gave a luncheon of eight covers for the four French ladies of the party, her sister-in-law, Miss Aikins, assisting, and the other guests being Mrs. Austin, of "Spadina," and Mrs. Denison. It was, like all Mrs. Aikins' hospitalities, a very dainty and tempting little feast, and many compliments were paid the fair hostess in that language specially fitted for pretty speeches. Among the out of town guests at the afternoon reception were: Dr. and Mrs. Silva Jones, who enjoyed meeting some of the medical fraternity of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Prant Macdonald have taken Mr. Lincoln Hunter's house, in Walmer road, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, who have been for some time visiting Mrs. Kerr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, in St. George street, have gone back to New York. The baby boy, whom the stork brought them some weeks ago, is a fine little member of their travelling party.

The new Lieutenant-Governor was sworn in on Tuesday and afterwards was entertained at luncheon at Government House, with Mrs. and Miss Gibson, by the retiring Lieutenant-Governor.

Rev. Armstrong Black has taken charge of a church at St. Leonard's-by-the-Sea, England, and has removed to that beautiful town. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black have devoted all their time, since leaving Toronto, to the care of their son, Ian, who was for some time an invalid, and for whose benefit the move to St. Leonard's was principally considered. I had an hour or two with Mrs. Armstrong Black, in London, this month, and was glad to see her looking well and to hear how warmly she spoke of her Toronto friends.

Miss Gladys Hogaboom, who recently returned from England, will make her debut this winter. Mrs. George Dunstan will return from England shortly with her debutante, Miss Gretchen, who has been abroad for some years.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones have returned from England, after an absence of several months.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Ada Janet Fuller, youngest daughter of Mrs. Charles Fuller, and Mr. Roland Winstanley Banks. The ceremony will take place on October 12, at three o'clock, in St. Simon's church, and will be followed by a reception at 67 South Drive.

Next Saturday afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, the marriage of Miss Florence Eliza Helen Bell and Mr. Charles Matthew Clover takes place in St. Andrew's church, followed by a reception at the home of Mr. Bell, 106 St. George street.

The marriage of Miss Maud Field, of Brockville, and Captain Harold Lumb takes place next week in Brockville.

The Misses Sternberg have announced the opening of their classes in dancing, physical culture and fencing, to take place at Simpson Hall, on Tuesday, October 6, 1908, at 4 p.m. A feature of this season will be the "Dancing Club," formed by the graduates of the different classes, combining for the purpose of keeping up-to-date in the new dances and obtain grace and extra proficiency in the old. This club will meet every two weeks during the season, and, it is expected, will become a popular and permanent institution, recruiting each year from the graduates of the previous season.

The marriage of Miss Edith Kent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kent, to Mr. Walter Edwin Berkinshaw, took place quietly at 110 St. George street, on Wednesday, September 23.

Miss Jeanette Killmaster, A.T.C.M., has been appointed assistant teacher to Mr. H. M. Field, of Dresden, Germany, who speaks in the highest terms of Miss Killmaster's pianistic attainments. Miss Killmaster is spending the summer the guest of Their Excellencies the Tereshchenkos, of St. Petersburg, Russia, who are travelling in Austria and Switzerland.

A very pretty and fashionable wedding was solemnized on Saturday, September 12, in Holy Trinity church, Chatham, Ontario, when Miss Rive Stegmann, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Stegmann, was married to Mr. Harry Kines Hopkirk, of the Bank of Montreal, Moncton, N. B., son of the late Mr. James Hopkirk, of Ottawa, J. W. Hodgins, rector of Holy Trinity church, officiating. The church was beautifully decorated, the chancel being banked with masses of palms, ferns and white asters. Mr. Frank Hopkirk, of Ottawa, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. T. H. Stegmann, of Toronto, the bride's brother, and Mr. Jardine, of Napinka, Man., were the ushers. The bride was given away by her father and wore a very handsome imported gown of oyster white mousseline Duchess, made in princess and semi-Empire effect. It was beautifully trimmed with a panel and bertha of princess and filet lace. She wore a full tulle veil, held in place with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses, lilies and white heather. Mrs. W. Harold Mara, of Toronto, as matron of honor, wore a gown of pale blue payette silk, made in Directoire style, with a large black picture hat, trimmed profusely with plumes. She carried a sheaf of daybreak pink asters. The little flower girl, Miss Lindsey Papps, niece of the bride, was sweet and dainty in a pretty French frock of valenciennes lace over pale blue, with blue ribbons. She carried a basket of ferns and pink asters. Immediately after the ceremony a large reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, which was artistically decorated with palms, vines and quantities of daybreak pink asters. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkirk left for an extended tour through the East, before taking up their residence in Moncton, N.B. The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. Hopkirk, of Ottawa, the groom's mother, and his sister, Miss Molly Hopkirk, of Toronto; Mrs. Chauncey, Markham; Mrs. Charles H. Schooley and Mrs. Marshall Jackson, of Oak Park, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. H. Papps, of Newark, N.J.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Harold Mara, Toronto, and Mr. J. E. Houseman, of Chicoutimi, Quebec.



Murray's Fall Display of the New Fashions



Our Fall Opening took place on Wednesday last, and we displayed the latest word that fashion has spoken in matters of dress for women, so we suggest a glance through our several departments as we know the display of goods shown will be interesting to you.

The most striking feature in the season's offerings of evening wraps is embodied in a collection of exclusive models in long loose fitting black satin cloaks. These are cut on Greek lines and fall in loose folds to cover the entire costume.

In separate coats of rich black silk velvet, the correct walking lengths vary from the smart 28-inch jaunty type to the longer cut away models, graduating to a length of say 45 inches in the black, these latter are distinguished looking garments and reminiscent of the "Directoire" period.

In walking suits fashion says, the coats may be 45 inches long, but leaves the decision to individual taste and smiles approval on the shorter lengths just as cheerfully as it does upon the full length models. Fashion insists, however, that the suit is well tailored.

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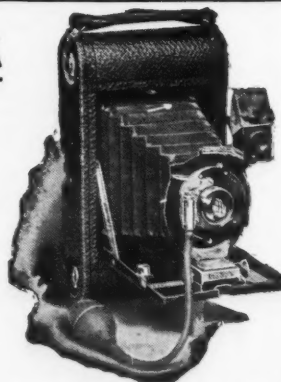
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"LAST WEEK FOR MUSKOKA EXPRESS."

After a very successful season, The Grand Trunk announce the withdrawal, after Sept. 26th, of the famous Muskoka Expresses, commencing Monday, Sept. 26th, connections will be made with 8 a.m. train from Toronto, and train arriving Toronto, 3.25 p.m. It is not too late to make a side trip from Toronto; the weather is delightful, and the autumn coloring beyond description. Plenty good hotels still open. For tickets and full information call at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

American and English newspapers have a way of mangling the name of the Sultan of Turkey. Often he is called simply "Abdul"—nothing more. Sometimes it is "Abdul the Artful," "Abdul the Wary." The proper way to write the name, according to the London Chronicle, is "Abd-ul-Hamid," or, as some would

transliterate it, "Abd-l-Hamid." This means "Servant (or slave) of the praised one," i.e., God, or Allah. The "ul" or "l" merely represents the Arabic definite article, which in writing is always joined to the following word. "Abd" is a common first name with Mahometans, as in Abd-ul-Kadir, Abd-ul-Latif, Abd-ul-Aziz. "Abdul," with or without the Hamid, makes nonsense, but no one seems to notice it.

First Weather-Bureau Man—Where's that flag we hang out when there's going to be fair weather? Second Weather-Bureau Man—I hung it out last week and a storm came up and carried it away.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Miss Watson—Did Mr. Sark say to you as I entered the drawing-room last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Watson?" Clara—Yes, dear, with the accent on the "that."—Evening Post.

SOCIETY

THE marriage took place at St. Andrew's church, Jarvis street, on Monday afternoon, of Miss Elizabeth McLeod Patton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Patton, and for seven years superintendent of Grace Hospital, to Dr. Charles John Currie, B. A. The church was decorated with quantities of asters, ferns and palms, and the Rev. Dr. Milligan performed the ceremony. Mr. W. Patton gave away his sister, who looked charming in a graceful wedding gown of crepe de chine, trimmed with blonde de Grenade lace French knots, her tulle veil was arranged over a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a sheaf of white roses. The attendants were Mrs. Melville P. White, matron of honor, and Miss E. Patton and Miss Mabel Currie, bridesmaids; they were gowned in rainbow effect, Mrs. White in mauve with mauve flowers, and Miss Patton and Miss Currie in blue and pink, respectively, with flowers to match; they also wore pearl crescents, the gifts of Mr. Currie, who presented the bride with an amethyst and pearl brooch and gave pearl scarf pins to the best man, Mr. Horace Currie, and the ushers, Dr. Cameron Warren, Dr. Hardy and Dr. Cerswell. After the ceremony a reception was held at the nurses' residence on Huron street, where Mrs. Melville White received the guests at the entrance to the drawing room, which was profusely decorated with white flowers, palms and ferns. A marquee was erected on the lawn, where refreshments were served and the usual toasts and speeches given. Later Dr. and Mrs. Currie left for Muskoka, the bride travelling in a golden brown rajah tailor-made and a brown hat with gold and blue. The many beautiful wedding presents included a handsome cabinet of silver and an illuminated address, which the Hon. George Cox presented to the bride last Saturday evening on behalf of the Board of Governors; a case of silver from the hospital staff, a brass jardiniere and palm from the house

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS

WHYTE—In Montreal, on Monday, Sept. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Whyte, of Smith's Falls, Ont., a son.
LOWNDES—In Toronto, Sept. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Mont. Lownes, 93 Crescent road, a son.
GARLAND—At Melbourne, Australia, Sept. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Garland, a daughter.
FOOTE—At Collingwood, Ont., Sept. 21, to Captain J. N. and Mrs. Foote, a daughter.
GANN—In Toronto, Sept. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Gunn, 284 Berkeley street, a son.

MARRIAGES

BURKE-BROWN—At Clarksburg, Ont., Sept. 19, by Rev. K. Barton, Marie Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Robert Brown, to F. Beverley Burke, of Indian Head, son of Major Burke, of Thornbury, Ont.
SCACE—HUSBAND—At 121 Crescent road, Toronto, Sept. 23, by Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., Ethel Lyle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Husband, to W. B. Scace, of Brantford.
BEARLIMORE—MACKENZIE—At St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Sept. 23, by Rev. Father Kelly and Rev. Father McBrady, Katharine, daughter of Mr. William Mackenzie, to Walter Williams Bearlmore, son of Mr. Walter Bearlmore.
WALTON-SWEATMAN—At St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, by the father of the bride, and Revs. Canon Macnab and J. B. Fotheringham, Edith Margaret, daughter of Archbishop and Mrs. Sweatman, to John Lowe Walton, son of Thomas Walton, Esq., of King's County, Ireland.
CRANSTON-WILKINS—At 16 Suffolk Place, Toronto, Sept. 17, by Rev. Dr. H. P. Perry, and Rev. Dr. B. D. Thomas, Eva, daughter of Mr. Thomas Wilkins, to J. Herbert Cranston.
CHANDLER-TA-LOR—At "The Elms," Perth, Ont., Sept. 9, by Rev. A. H. Scott, Helen Isobel, daughter of Mr. Henry Taylor, to Arthur B. Chandler, M.D., of Lanigan, Sask.

DEATHS

CURRAN—At Colwick, Nottingham, Eng., Sept. 15, the Rev. Canon Curran, formerly Rector of St. Thomas' Church, Hamilton, Ont.
DICKSON—In Toronto, Sept. 19, R. A. Dickson, barrister, aged 49 years.
MANNING—At Clinton, Ont., Sept. 21, Grace A. Boles, wife of R. E. Manning.
FOX—At Eglinton, Ont., Sept. 23, Margaret A., wife of Rev. Thomas Fox, in her 71st year.

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GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Charlie (caught helping himself in Giles's orchard)—"Jove! I'm not leaving this farmer behind as I ought to. I shall have to give up smoking!"—Punch.

surgeons, silver fruit knives from the nursing staff and a kitchen shower from the nurses and employees of Grace Hospital.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Marjorie Carlyle Perry and Mr. Reginald Pellatt, on Wednesday, October 14, at half past two, at Bloor street Presbyterian church, with a reception to follow at 26 Prince Arthur avenue.

Mrs. Septimus Denison will spend the winter with her daughters in Europe and Colonel Denison will go over and bring them back to Toronto in the spring.

Mrs. Walker Bell will have her mother, Mrs. Macdougall, with her at the Alexandra this winter.

Several very pretty girls have been pointed out to me as coming debutantes, and the 1908 season already looks very promising.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed is going abroad shortly, for her winter engagements.

Mrs. Harry Beatty has gone to the seaside for a short time.

Mrs. T. M. Harris has been quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees recently returned from an extended trip abroad. Since their return Mrs. Hees has been somewhat under her physician's care.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones are home from England.

Miss Jean Milne is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. A. Smith.

The Argonaut's September At Home and races attracted a large company of young folks to the Club House last Saturday. There was the usual dance, and refreshments were served in the gym. There will be a hop at the Club House next Monday.

The latest word from Dr. Bruce Riordan, who went to New York for treatment, after being bitten by a pet dog, is perfectly satisfactory. The many Toronto friends of the genial doctor are delighted to know this.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood have returned from Collingwood.

Wales

O LITTLE country of my heart,
Lying so far beyond the sea,
Far from my land of birth apart,
And yet so near in thought to me!

Before I saw you with my eyes
My spirit knew your valleys fair
Watered by turf-brown streams that rise
Upon your mountains wild and bare.

Your mountains beautiful and wild
Where still the fairy people dwell,
While I was but a little child
In mystic dreams I knew them well.

For of your race a banished part
Pines like a prisoned bird in me,
O little country of my heart,
Lying so far beyond the sea!
—Mildred Howell in Harper's Magazine.

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

THE details have been completed for the essay competition of the Navy League in Canada for the best essay on the subject, "Shall Canada have a Navy of Her Own?" The winner will be awarded a prize of \$400 and the essay will be printed and circulated throughout the Dominion. The essay should not exceed six thousand words; it must be typewritten; it should be sent in before Jan. 1, next; it must be marked with a *nom de plume* and accompanied by a sealed envelope marked on the outside with the inside the name and address of the author. Any of our readers who may wish to enter the competition and who may desire any further information, should write the secretary of the Navy League, Mr. H. J. Wickham, Mail & Empire Building, Toronto.

An exciting story of the great North, in which the hero and heroine are half-breeds in search of their fathers, is "Glean of Dawn," by Arthur Goodrich (McLeod & Allen, Toronto). The character of Dan Smith is a most attractive one; always within him the struggle is going on between the impulses of his white and his Indian blood.

An interesting bit of Canadian literary comment is the following paragraph by "The Bookman," of the Winnipeg Free Press:

Everybody likes to read a first-rate short story, be it of love, or adventure, or commonplace experience, or of all three. I believe the gifted author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," who, by the way, belongs to the West, could serve her generation with great distinction did she confine herself to the short story. Her first book, which is practically a collection of short stories with the same personnel, has already won its way in the States, and is to be published in England by Hodder & Stoughton, a firm with a sleuth-hound scent for books that will sell. They have changed the name to "Danny and the Pink Lady." This firm also announces a short story by Marian Keith, the Ontario writer. It is not altogether uncommon to publish the same book under separate titles in the old land and the new. Sir Gilbert Parker's "An Adventurer of the North," is still read in England as "A Roman of the Snows," which is far and away the better title. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" was first published in England under the title, "Transformation." Not long ago an Englishman, speaking of rare wines, asked if I remembered the wine named "Sunshine," in Hawthorne's "Transformation." In the course of conversation, an American remarked that he knew that wine, yclept "Sunshine," but it was in "The Marble Faun." And it came out that this delightful classic is still sold in England with "Transformation" on its title page. Indeed, apart from its value as a romance of Rome, this chapter on "Sunshine" would have

given "The Marble Faun" immortality.

"Chateau Royal," by J. H. Yoxall (MacMillan & Co., Toronto), is a story of one of the Bourbon pretenders to the throne of France, with a descendant of the Stuarts occupying the centre of the stage. It is not a story of war or heroic adventure, but a tale of to-day, and the royal pretensions of the pompous old Frenchman are more comic than serious. The author writes in a peculiarly jerky style and keeps the reader waiting rather long for the plot to begin unfolding itself, yet the second half of the book proves spirited and interesting. It might almost bear dramatization.

"I have thought," said one of the characters, "that the future is to the man who can be both politician and preacher. . . . You will have heard of General Booth? Well, now, what might not have happened in England if General Booth had been a politician too? Suppose he had made the Salvation Army a political force, preaching the Sermon on the Mount turned into law, and voting for Christian Socialism. He could have become the most powerful fellow in England, don't you think? To vote and to preach—"

"Yes," said the Abbe. "If one could preach sincerely."

There's the point. The Abbe puts his finger on it. Had General Booth tried to make political use of his followers he might have had few of them. It was his disinterestedness that made him strong—the sincerity of his preaching, the unselfishness of his service.

"Why N it?"

"YOU will get three tickets?" He looked at her in surprise. They had known each other for some time. But this had happened to be the first time he had asked her to the theatre.

He had become quite fond of her, although he recognized a certain primness, perhaps a prudishness rather unusual.

"Three tickets?" he asked.
"Yes—one for my maid."

"Must you have a maid?" She looked at him quite decidedly.
"Oh yes, I think so," she said. "You know mamma is quite strict—really, it wouldn't be proper for me to go out with any young man without a maid."

"You know who I am."

"Certainly."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Well, really, it isn't that. But it wouldn't be proper."

He smiled—and bowed.

A Fact That's Stranger Than Fiction

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The Thermos Bottle

utilizes one law of nature to defeat all the others—made with a vacuum—one bottle inside another with an airless space between. No heat or cold can get out from the inside nor in from the outside. Yet it's perfectly simple. You merely put in the liquid and cork it up.

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"Certainly," he replied; "I shall arrange the matter as you say. I will be here at 7.45 with the carriage."

"Thank you."

Promptly at 7.45 the bell rang. She was on hand. Behind her stood a modest female figure.

"Thank you for being so prompt," he said.

"Oh yes, I am always that way."

He helped her out to the carriage—a double one. He opened the door. She put her foot on the front step. As she started to enter she gave a sudden scream and fell back.

"What is it?" he asked, pleasantly.

She turned her frightened face towards him, as she indicated the dark interior of the carriage.

"There is a strange man in there," she whispered.

"Why not?"

"Who is he?"

He bowed slightly. "You didn't think it was proper to go with me unaccompanied by a maid, did you?"

"Why, no—"

"Well, I felt the same way about you, and so I got four seats instead of three. Don't be alarmed. That gentleman in there is only a detective from headquarters."—T. L. Masson, in Harper's Weekly.

She (sentimentally)—How like life are the waves of the sea! He—You bet. Come to the shore in great style, and go away broke.—Sydney Newsletter.

"Pa!" "Well, what is it now?" "Pa, when I grow up, how will I keep from marrying the wrong woman?" "You won't."—Life.

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Society at the Capital

THE first of the several interesting autumn weddings which will come off in the Capital this year was solemnized at Christ Church Cathedral, on Tuesday, the 15th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when Miss Ethel Bate, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bate of Cartier street, became the wife of Mr. George Robert Foster Kirkpatrick, manager of the Edmonton branch of the Imperial bank, and son of Mr. George Kirkpatrick, of Coolmine, Toronto. It was one of the prettiest weddings that for some time past have taken place in the picturesque cathedral, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with banks of feathery white asters and chrysanthemums, interspersed with luxuriant palms and ferns. The service was fully choral and the rector, Rev. Canon Kittson, who had just returned from England a few days previous, officiated.

The bride has always lived in the Capital and has been one of its most popular and brightest girls and a most valued member of the May Court Club. At the appointed hour she entered the church and, with her father, moved slowly up the aisle, preceded by the vested choir, who sang the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin, and the bridal party. The exquisite robe de nocces was fashioned of white chiffon over the richest white satin, and was elaborately embroidered in floral design in chenille and pearls. Filet lace and chiffon composed the bodice, which was also richly embroidered, being made in surplice effect and having a transparent yoke and high collar. A coronet of orange blossoms had the conventional tulle veil gracefully arranged over it and falling in soft folds to the hem of the skirt. A bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley was carried by the bride, and she also wore the groom's gift, a beautiful gold bracelet set in pearls and diamonds.

The maid of honor, Miss Elinor Bate, younger sister of the bride, and the bridesmaid, Miss Sarah Sparks, were gowned alike in pale blue silk voile made over blue silk, their chief decoration being groups of fine tucks and valenciennes lace, the latter being used in Greek design. Large pale blue hats, trimmed with ruchings of white tulle and bunches of pink rosebuds, were most becoming to both the attendants, and they carried bouquets of pink roses and lily of the valley. The groom presented each with a pretty gold bracelet in memory of the happy day.

The groom's brother, Mr. William Kirkpatrick, was best man and those who did duty as ushers were Mr. Holland Bate, the bride's brother, Mr. Harry Christie, and Mr. Llewellyn Bate. To each of them the bride gave a handsome leather card-case initialed in gold.

A reception at the residence of the bride's father included principally relatives of the bride and groom, a number of whom came to the Capital especially for the event. The floral decorations were particularly lovely, both in the library, where Mr. and Mrs. Bate received their guests, and also in the large drawing-room, where the bride and groom stood to receive the hearty congratulations of everyone present. Among those who came from out-of-town points were: Mrs. James Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, of St. Catharines; Mrs. Edward Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Miss Gwynneth Lewis, Mrs. Francis Cole and Miss Lizette Cole, of Montreal; Mrs. Gerard Strath, Mr. George Kirkpatrick, Mr. Alex. Kirkpatrick and the Messrs. Douglas and Arthur Kirkpatrick, of Toronto.

The four o'clock train bore the happy couple to New York, and, after spending a three weeks' honeymoon there and in other American cities, they will return to Ottawa to stay a few days before going on to their home in Edmonton, Alberta, where the bride's sister, Mrs. Calderon, is also residing. Mrs. Kirkpatrick travelled in a Directoire suit of navy blue Tussock silk, the long coat trimmed with black silk braiding and having a vest of white crepe de chine. A large blue hat with plumes and ribbon rosettes completed a very smart and becoming costume de voyage.

AS is usual in the beginning of every social season, teas are the more popular form of entertaining at present. Mrs. E. C. Grant, of Blackburn avenue, was the hostess on Wednesday afternoon of an exceedingly bright one, given in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. James A. Grant, of Victoria, B. C., who has been in town with her husband Dr.

James A. Grant, and their daughter, Miss Annie Grant, for a few days en route from Victoria to Quebec, whence Miss Grant sailed on Friday for England, to attend school for a couple of years. Dr. and Mrs. Grant accompanied their daughter to Quebec and returned to Victoria at the end of the week. At Mrs. E. C. Grant's tea Miss Annie Moylan and Mrs. Phillips did duty at the tea-table and were assisted by Miss Edith Powell, Miss Morse and Miss Annie Grant. The rooms were bright with most effectively arranged gladioli of brilliant hues.

ON the following afternoon Mrs. John Gilmour gave a most enjoyable tea at the Golf Club, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Baldwin, of Rome, Italy, who is in town for a short time. Miss McClymont and Miss Marjorie Blair took charge of the tea-table, and the rooms were prettily arranged with the various blossoms of the season. About thirty guests were present, all glad to meet again after their respective summer outings.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, Sept. 21, 1908.

The Career of a Cayuse

(Continued from Page 9.)

on this continent at least where there is sufficient climate and room for them to work in.

A few hundred millions of these varied species of distracting flies were worrying Mr. McMunn at his culinary operations, with the only food in sight for one hundred and fifty miles. The rest of us sat silently and hungrily apart, awaiting the summons to supper, while Jim battled with the fire, the sauce pan, the flies and half a dozen cayuses, that were pressing in upon him to take advantage of the smoke that kept the pest of flies from their sorely bitten hides. George, as usual, was the most aggressive, and at a moment when McMunn's back was turned he pawed with his foot at the fire, overturned the pan, and in a second our only food was an impossible charred mess.

We were hungry before, hungry unto desperation, but now starvation, unless something extraordinary were done, stared us in the face in our weakened state.

"We'll have to kill a horse," said Chase, after the silence had grown painful. And then four voices gravely and unidly murmured:

"George."

The gurgle of the papoose seemed to echo the unanimous and heartfelt opinion.

George died as he lived. To Jim McMunn as his owner and the best shot of the party was deputed the task of converting George into food. Now, Jim McMunn was a good shot, the best rifle shot in the Saskatchewan valley, a man who had picked out with a bullet the ram from a flock of mountain sheep at five hundred yards a week before, but when I led George up to him where he stood on the high foothill that fell precipitously for several hundred feet into a deep gorge, he must have lost his nerve somewhat at being brought face to face for the last time with his deadly enemy. And at half a dozen yards he fired an inch too low and missed the brain. To our astonishment George did not fall. George certainly looked surprised, but rising to his hind feet he pawed the air for a moment, as the blood gushed in a torrent from his nostrils, and then gave a mad bound over McMunn's bowed form into the mountainous abyss, and we could hear the crash of his falling body for fully two minutes.

We journeyed nearly all night by a circuitous route until we found him.

And as the glow of returning strength could be seen in the fire light on McMunn's face, as he munched a steak, he muttered:

"George goes a great deal better dead than he did alive."—From the Winnipeg Telegram.

The Truth.

THAT glorious flame that was my youth

Is burnt to ashes, flung

And scattered, and I know the truth—

I, who one day was young.

Wisdom is mine my peers among,
No craft my skill defies;
I hear beyond the flattering tongue
And see beyond surmise.

And this my wisdom—I, grown wise,
Would toss it all in fee
For one of Youth's exquisite lies
That one day cheated me.

For this is wisdom's worth—to see
That ignorance was fair,
And more than Truth is Comedy
With rose leaves on her hair.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslee's Magazine.

The Fascination of Golf

A Number of Well-Known People Try to Define the Peculiar Charm of This Popular Game.

THE London weekly, M. A. P., recently invited a number of celebrities to discuss the fascination of golf. In presenting their ideas of what this fascination is, the editor of M. A. P. says, by way of introduction: "There is no need at this time of day to comment on the enormous and firmly established popularity of golf. It is to be presumed, however, that there are still some people who have never played the game, and regard with amazement the enthusiasm of its devotees. To such this article should be of instructive interest, while I hope that golfers themselves will enjoy the explanations of well known men and women, and brother and sister golfers, of the charm of perhaps the most fascinating of all out-door games."

Some of the opinions expressed are given herewith.

M. R. HARRY LAUDER, the famous comedian, says:

"A friend invites you to play. 'I'll show you how it's done,' says he, and drives off a beautiful long, straight ball.

"He 'tees' your ball for you. 'Now,' he says, 'keep your eye on the ball, and drive steady.' You smack, and to your great amazement you have hit the ball first pop. Your friend looks astonished, and you begin to think that the difficulties of golf have been greatly exaggerated.

"But for the rest of the round you don't make one good hit, and make many clean misses, and you go home disgusted.

"Probably you sulk at home for a week, but then you go out again determined anyway not to miss the 'wee ba'. But you do miss it, and you want to murder your caddie, especially when he makes you miss by telling you not to stand too near the ball."

M. R. EDWARD BELL, head of the well-known firm of London publishers, George Bell and Sons is of this opinion:

"Though my qualifications as a golfer are of a very humble kind, I am not the less sensible of its fascination; but I do not find it easy to give you a definition of it. It is probably due to a combination of charms.

"In the first place, there are no dull intervals in golf. It is like being always 'in' at cricket. It is true that you have not the 'one crowded hour of glorious life' that a successful innings affords at rare intervals; but, on the other hand, you have a continuous series of minor emotions at the rate of about one every two minutes—a linked sweetness long drawn out—as you steadily plough your way (if such an expression is appropriate) through the green which gives a more certain if less violent enjoyment.

"Though there are days when you are off your game, yet even then there may be compensations, and it is not unusual to make surprising approaches and marvellous putts when you are topping every drive.

In the next place, there is a pleasant companionship in golf. It is a great test of character. You walk with your adversary, and meet him on every green; you discover a kindred spirit in a man whom, otherwise, you might have nodded to for years without really knowing. Much more might be said on this head.

"Lastly, the game gives the most healthy form of exercise in the most attractive surroundings.

"As you walk on springy turf over breezy downs, or across sandy plains and dunes, with spacious views of sea and sky, the mental worries of life sink into insignificance, and whatever your age and responsibilities, you experience a joy in life which gives the game a never-failing fascination."

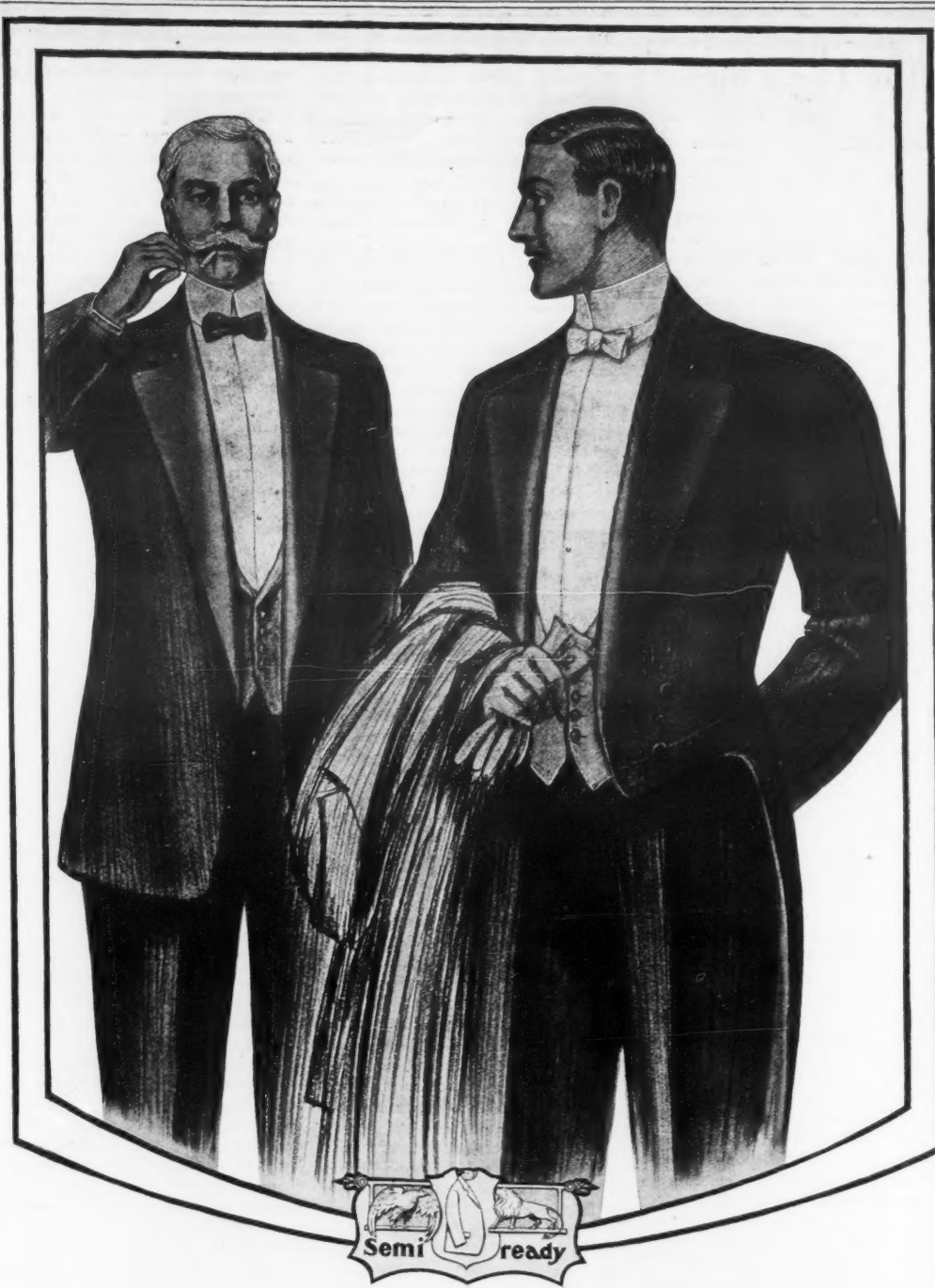
D. R. ROBERTSON NICOLL, editor of The British Weekly, writes:

"I have too little experience of golfing to be able to make a proper reply, but I should think the great charm of golf to busy people is that it for the time relieves the mind of interests which threaten to be too dominant and oppressive."

M. R. W. K. HASELDEN, Punch artist, says:

"I think the attractiveness of golf is the attractiveness of the devil. I have no good word to say for it, but it draws and draws me.

"Sell yourself to golf, and you are courting grief, disappointment, des-



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Full Dress Suits at \$25, \$30 and \$35. Tuxedo Jackets at \$18, \$20 and \$25.

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pair and anguish of the soul—and all for what? For the possibility of an occasional unholy joy!

"The foregoing looks as though I had recently had disastrous experience on the links, but I have not touched a club for some time, though I hope to do so in the autumn."

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, the famous stage beauty, gives this opinion of the game:

"Surely the 'fascination of golf' is obvious. It is a good game requiring much skill and patience. It is played out of doors and causes lazy people to take exercise without their noticing it.

"It is also comparatively cheap (if you keep your eye on the ball) and requires little intelligence. There is also the fascination of danger in it, as you never know what the person behind you is 'driving at,' and it is just as likely to be your head as anything else *et puis—bon jour!*"

M. R. W. E. NORRIS, the well-known English writer, approaches the subject gracefully:

"Golf is a very difficult game—so difficult that anything like consistent good play is beyond the reach of the immense majority. It also necessarily provides at every hole a series of strokes which are quite unlike one another and each of which demands a separate course of training.

"Perhaps these two features of the game—its difficulty and its variety—may be held to account for its fascination in the abstract.

"As for the charm which it exercises over me individually, that is easily stated. I simply dare not be fond of it. Time was when I could do other things—not well, it is true; still, I could do them.

"But now I am reduced to looking on, and, unfortunately, that does not amuse me in the least. Golf furnishes me with the indispensable. I very much doubt whether I should be still alive without it, and I am quite sure that I should not want to be.

"I am generally beaten, and I don't mind. That will show you that as a player I am in a far less hopeful condition than you, who speak of 'humiliation and exasperation.' May you

find that your moments of those emotions grow fewer!—but not for the same reason that they have ceased to afflict."

M. R. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., says:

"That at worst you play one good stroke in a round, and that you are always dreaming that you will one day play all your strokes good.

"Then golf will cease to be fascinating, unless a better than good reveals itself beyond."

M. R. EDWARD BLACKWELL, one of the most famous of English amateur players, says:

"Golf fascinates me for three reasons. First of all (and perhaps the chief reason), is the uncertainty of it all. One never quite knows what one is going to do, or what is going to happen to one. The result of a big match is so often on the knees of the gods.

"Secondly, golf has a fascination for me in the fact that no game is ever the same. There is a constant change about golf. Everything varies about it, whether it be the weather or the course, or one's opponent's game or one's own play. There is always something to make that round different from any other.

"Thirdly, part of the charm of the game to me lies in the fact that I have never got too much of it. I have never had a 'surfeit.' I have never played as much golf as I have felt I should like to have had a chance of playing."

M. R. T. H. D. BERRIDGE, M.P., partner in the firm of Burn and Berridge, Solicitors to the Government of Newfoundland, writes:

"The 'fascination of golf' as a game is that 'you are always in, and frequently getting drives for six.' As a recreation, the game is so absorbing that there is no room for thoughts about anything else while it lasts, the result being that for a time the mind has a complete change."

"Mrs. Bildad says that she talks in her sleep." "That isn't the worst of it, either. She talks when she is awake."—Life.

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission.

TENDERS FOR MINING LEASES.
Sealed tenders (which must be separate for each parcel) addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Mining Lease," will be received at the office of the Commission, 25 Toronto street, Toronto, up to 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday the 14th day of October, 1908, for mining leases for 999 years of the following parcels:

PARCEL 1.—Portions of the Cobalt station ground and of the right of way adjoining thereto to the north and to the south containing together 15.53 acres more or less, all as shown on plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

PARCEL 2.—The westerly portion of lot 44, in the township of Cobalt, containing 4.04 acres more or less, as shown by another plan which may be inspected at the office of the Commission, Toronto, and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

PARCEL 3.—Lot 338 in the township of Cobalt, including the mining rights under one-half the streets adjoining said lot.

PARCEL 4.—Lots 388 and 389 in the township of Cobalt, including the mining rights under one-half the street adjoining said lots.

An accepted check upon a chartered Bank of Canada payable to the order of the Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission for the amount of the cash bonus tendered for such lease must accompany each tender.

Forms of tender and of proposed leases (reserving a rental of \$1.00 per annum plus 25 per cent. of the gross value at the mouth of the mine of all ore mined) and full information and plans showing location of each parcel may be examined at the office of the Commission in Toronto and the office of the Mining Engineer, Cobalt.

All tenders must be made on the form supplied by the Commission for the purpose and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering.

In case of each parcel the party whose tender is accepted will be required to promptly execute a lease in form satisfactory to the Commission, failing which his deposit will be absolutely forfeited to the Commission.

The checks sent in by unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them. The Commission does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

A. J. MCGEE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, 22nd September, 1908.

Papers inserting this advertisement without authority, will not be paid for it.

Blox—Bimberly is exceedingly modest, isn't he? Knox—I hadn't noticed it. Blox—Well, he never talks about himself. Knox—Oh, that isn't modesty; it's discretion.—Chicago News.

The Young Man in Politics

By DR. JOHN HUNTER

NO one can question either the wisdom or the necessity of a young man's getting an efficient training for the calling in life which he intends to follow. Almost every man who has had any experience in trying to get a situation for himself, or one for a friend, when neither applicant has had any special training, knows how very difficult it is to get one. The first question asked is: "What can you do?" If the answer is a vague one, such as, "I can do most anything," the reply comes quickly: "We have no vacancy now!" When there is no place to be filled the man with experience in his particular kind of work is the one the employer wants.

What holds true with the artisan holds true in every other vocation in life. The character of the work to be done fixes the amount of time and labor to be spent in acquiring the necessary training. The student who aspires to a high position in his profession labors away far into the night to obtain the knowledge needed to give him his coveted standing.

Now, if a careful preparation is so very essential to success in every vocation, why should any young man hope to be able to discharge the very onerous duties devolving upon him as a citizen without proper and adequate preparation? No vocation in which one can enter has a more legitimate claim on a fair proportion of his time and attention than his obligations as a citizen have. In our complex civilization there is an intensely strong bond of interest between the different vocations. Poor workmanship in the manufactured article destroys the reputation of the factory. Dishonest or incompetent business methods in the office bring on bankruptcy, and the employees are thrown out of work.

Good citizenship involves most important issues. It imperatively demands not only the exercise of all the Christian virtues, but also the possession of technical knowledge, skill and experience in the young man's vocation. Domestic, social, municipal and national life are all inseparably bound up with the character of citizenship. Every phase of life is marred whenever low ideals of citizenship prevail, and each is ennobled when the ideals are high. If it be an indisputable fact that the well-being of the individual, of society and of the nation, depends on good citizenship, then it is one of the first duties of a young man to prepare himself for the discharge of his obligations as a citizen. Were he, for example, entering upon the profession of law, or medicine, he would have, in addition to his literary training, to acquire the necessary technical knowledge pertaining to his calling.

Now, any civilized community or nation is governed by laws. These laws, if wise and good, are not arbitrary in character. They become necessary in order to maintain the forms, customs, and rights that grow out of the needs and experience of the community and of the nation. Our highways, schools and public lands require to be under laws agreed upon by the citizens. The establishment and administration of these are entrusted to individuals selected by the people. Experience has shown the need of having special places set apart, in which meetings can be held for the consideration of public questions; hence our municipal, legislative and parliament buildings. The citizen concedes his personal right to make or enforce laws to men chosen by the public. The men elected to boards of education or to the council are either those selected for their ability to fill these positions, or they are persons who use stratagem, in one form or another, to secure their own election. In the case of the selection of members of the Legislature, or Parliament, in addition to fitness, another factor is involved, viz., party allegiance. This brings up the question of "The Young Man in Politics."

Many factors enter into the make-up of party allegiance, but there is a fundamental factor that predisposes men of a certain type of mind to join one or the other party. This principle is a psychic, or mental one. A certain trait of mind holds tenaciously to law and order. The laws, forms and customs that have been established, on traditions and on experience, must be conserved, hence a Conservative party. Another type equally distinctive, does not hold traditions or past experience so sacredly, but hopes by well-considered changes to improve, or reform, existing conditions; hence a Reform party.

These traits of mind are innate.

We see them manifested in every calling. There are those who instinctively distrust a change of any kind, and there are others who welcome changes, hoping that these will bring greater success, fame, freedom, or whatever their object may be. One son will follow in his father's footsteps. If a farmer, notwithstanding that the fields have been exhausted by a succession of crops of the same kind of grain, he will go on sowing this grain until nothing but weeds are the harvest. If a manufacturer, the old plant, the old patterns, the old methods, are all tenaciously adhered to. If in business, advertising is done with the hand-bill, and in the professions of law or medicine, the "traditions of the fathers" is the creed. In politics, such a son may wear either party label, but it will be his father's just the same. Another son changes everything. The common breed is changed to the thoroughbred, the exhausted fields into pasture lands, the orchard grafted with different varieties of choicest fruit. In business, the old plant, patterns and methods give place to the joint stock company, with its massive structures and new designs; the departmental store and whole page advertisements. In politics, this son may wear either party label, but the policy of the party must be a progressive one.

We see, then, that in our everyday politics we are badly mixed up. Men who are proud to be called "dyed-in-the-wool" Reformers have the distinctively conservative traits of mind. These are—all unconsciously, of course—wearing a false label. Others, again, who are quite ready to lay violent hands on the old traditions, forms and customs, line up under the Conservative banner.

This state of affairs should make a very strong appeal to young men. Their first duty is to see that they are not simply masquerading in party trappings. It is a reflection on a young man's mental acumen, as well as a doubtful honor to his father, when it can be said of him: "What his father was, or is, in politics the son is sure to be." It is the young man's duty to study the political issues, so as to be able to form intelligent opinions of his own, and these his father will respect.

There is only one way of acquiring an independent spirit in politics, and that is to read carefully the history of one's country. The young man, who is familiar with the history of his country, and the records of the lives and work of its pioneer statesmen, has a splendid foundation on which to build his political opinions. He will find in these the reasons why our political pioneers took issue with each other on certain questions, whilst on other occasions they buried party distinctions and united to carry out some great measure. In some of the early struggles we see the two traits of mind already referred to brought out very distinctly. The rebellion of 1837 was largely the outcome of the radical difference between those who wished to conserve existing conditions, viz., the government of the country by officials appointed by the Mother Land, and those who sought to reform existing conditions by changing to government by the people themselves.

The history of Canada and of its provinces contains political records that ought to prove both inspiring and instructive to every young man anxious to become qualified to discharge his duties as a citizen. That man, whether he be young, middle-aged, or aged, who says, in a spirit of supercilious contempt, "I don't care anything about politics," or who applies some harsh epithet to all politicians, is either ignorant, unpatriotic, indolent or selfish. A few may prove unworthy, but the overwhelming mass of corruption, of the crimes and vices that dishonor political life can be traced back to the ignorance, or low ideals in the electorate. The desire of every young man should be to have as high a standard for political life as for church or reputable social and business life. Young men cannot labor under a more false or subtle delusion than to believe that duty or success consists in winning the election. Elections have been won by methods that not only irreparably destroyed the reputation of the successful candidates, but also disgraced the party to which these men belonged. If it were possible—and why should it not be so?—to have our young men place the issues first, we would have, within the next quarter of a century, a political evolution in Canada that would challenge the admiration of all civilized countries. If our young men, through their clubs, on the rostrum and in the press, would let their party leaders know that, in so far as their influence could be exerted, each election contest would be fought out on the merits of the issues involved—if this stand were taken, political speeches, instead of being largely confined to personalities and to ex-

plotting scandals, would be devoted to an intelligent discussion of the important issues involved in the government of the country.

If our young men, through indolence, indifference, or blind partisan zeal, allow cunning, unscrupulous men to exploit the public lands, forests, mines, etc., they are the ones that will suffer most. How will the nation's liabilities be met in the days to come if its resources are squandered now? The present members of the Legislatures, and of Parliament, are the custodians of the young men's heritage, and they should be held to strict account for the care they take of it.

There is scarcely another country in the world in which politics offer a more interesting or inviting field. Canada has many unique problems to solve; a geographical position with only an imaginary line of separation from one of the strongest nations; an inestimable wealth in natural resources, consisting of immense tracts of fertile land, yet unreclaimed; vast forests, mines, fabulously rich in gold, silver, coal, iron, copper and other minerals—fisheries, fur bearing animals, and climatic conditions most favorable for health, strength and longevity. In addition to these great natural resources, Canada has an intelligent, virile population. What young man can look upon such a heritage without inspiration. The only class who cannot do so, are those who exhaust their time and energy in the whirl of social pleasures and amusements. These cease to be recreations when they exhaust energy, time and money, and the result is disastrous. A few years of such dissipation leave nothing of character, strength or intelligence worth giving to the country.

If any young man wishes to find his place in politics let him read up carefully the history of his country—interest himself in studying and in helping to mould the issues of today, look out with prophetic vision on what wise, honest, progressive legislation can do for the future of a country, possessing in their fullest measure all the resources requisite for the making of "A vaster nation than has been," and he will have no trouble in finding his place in politics.

Toronto, Sept. 23, '08.

We Two in Arcady.

WHEN we two walked in Arcady
(How long ago it seems!)
How thick the branches overhead,
How soft the grass beneath our tread!

And thickets where the sun burned red
Were full of wings astir, my dear,
When we two walked in Arcady
Through paths young hearts prefer

Since we two walked in Arcady
(How long ago it seems!)
High hopes have died disconsolate;
The calm-eyed angel men call Fate
Stands with drawn sword before the gate

That shuts out all our dreams, my dear,
Since we two walked in Arcady
Beside the crystal streams.

Beyond the woods of Arcady
The little brooks are dry,
The brown grass rustles in the heat,
The roads are rough beneath our feet,
Above our heads no branches meet.
And yet, although we sigh, my dear,
Beyond the woods of Arcady
We see more of the sky!
—London Dispatch.

THE FALL AWAKENING AT MURRAY'S.

The latest word that fashion has spoken in matters of dress for women is exhaustively illustrated at Murray's. Having heard so much this season of Directoire, Tangara and Sheath gowns, the chief interest will naturally centre among the charming new suits and gowns. Changes have been radical, variety is legion and artistic skill is evident in every model, lines of unusual dignity and grace characterize the classic models.

The assemblage shown at Murray's, at their fall opening, will thoroughly inform every woman on all dress fashions. There are scores of models, showing a multitude of differing effects, modified ideas of the Directoire coat, with large revers, others with smart waistcoats of Persian colorings. There is a decided change in the collars, most of them close-fitting, others in the Robespierre effect, the pockets are larger and lower and quite a number have the colonial shape. There is also a change in the cut of the garments from those of last year, particularly in the plain tailored effects. The shoulders are cut narrower and the coats fall in perfectly

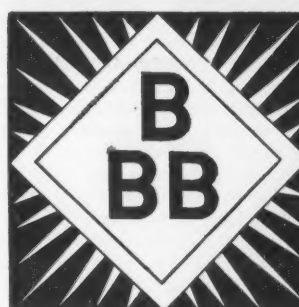
The tenth pipeful is as sweet, as fragrant and as palatable as the first.

CHOP CUT

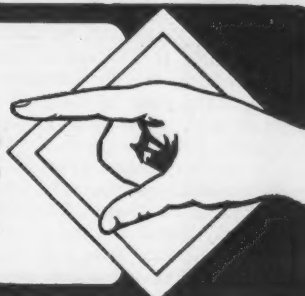
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straight lines, giving the hipless figure. The sleeves are close fitting, the skirts are gored, some with smart panels, other mounted on high-fitted girdle. The skirts fall in graceful clinging lines. We cannot pass over the elaborate decorations used without a few words of praise. There's the smell of the woods suggested by fallen leaves and shrubs, grape vines with their luscious fruit, chrysanthemums in dull brown and pastel yellow, all contributing to the autumnal atmosphere, which is now practically with us.

MONTREAL SERVICE.

Four Grand Trunk trains leave Toronto daily, 7.30 a.m., 9 a.m., 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. The 9 a.m. is a solid vestibule train, carrying Pullman to Montreal and Boston, also Cafe Library car to Montreal. The 8.30 p.m. carries Pullman sleeper to Montreal. The 10.15 p.m. has four or more Pullman sleepers, connecting daily at Montreal with Cafe Library car and Pullman Parlor car for Portland. The 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. trains connect with In-

tercolonial Railway at Montreal, for points in Maritime Provinces. Only double track line to Montreal. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Mrs. Mugins—My husband is a perfect crank. Mrs. Bugins—All husbands are, my dear. Mrs. Mugins—But fancy a man who complains that my mustard plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make.—Stray Stories.